

PUNCH, JUNE 3 1953

# ANDRE FRANÇOIS LOOKS AT THE CORONATION

R. G. G. Price

on Queens of England

Ronald Searle

on The New Elizabethans

6<sup>d</sup>

# PUNCH

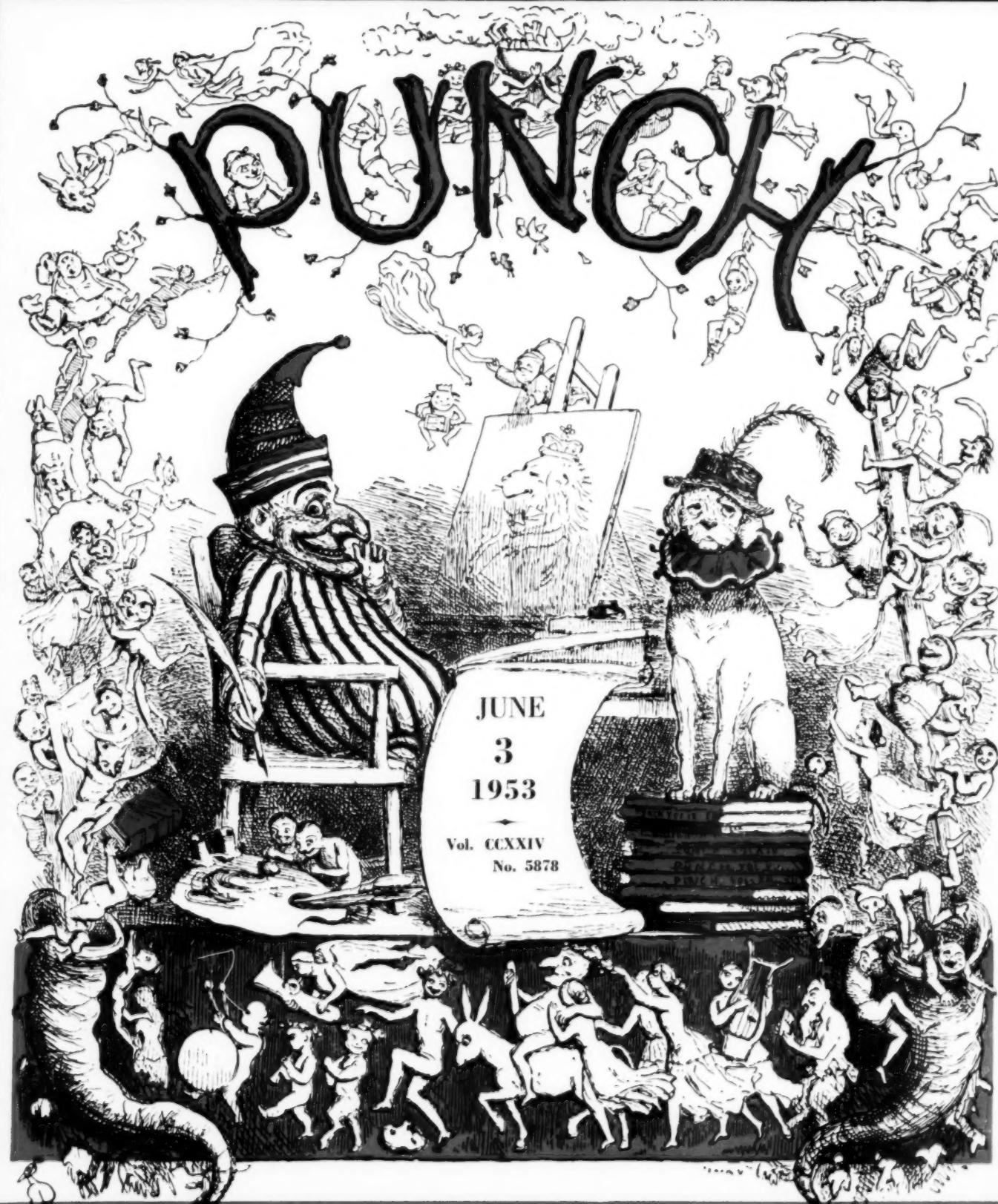
JUNE

3

1953

Vol. CCXXIV

No. 5878



**WORKERS IN THE TEAM**  
Number 1 in a series

MANY PEOPLE up and down the country will recognise this face with its twinkling eyes, and the battered old hat. Some have known Mark Ferris ever since he joined the company, thirty-seven years ago.

His tremendous energy, and way of inspiring enthusiasm in others, were noticed. He was soon a ganger, and then a walking ganger with a number of gangs—sometimes as many as 1,000 men—under him.

The toughest jobs are the ones he likes best. His creed is that open air and hard work never hurt anyone. His back is as broad and straight as ever, and his laugh as merry. Because he has always spoken his mind—both to his men and to the "governor"—he has earned respect. He was one



of the first employees to become a shareholder in the Company.

He is a happy man, and a proud one. From Cumberland to Cornwall there are jobs that were done better and faster because he had a hand in them. And the team that has men like Mark in it has something to be proud of too.

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Building and Civil Engineering Contractors  
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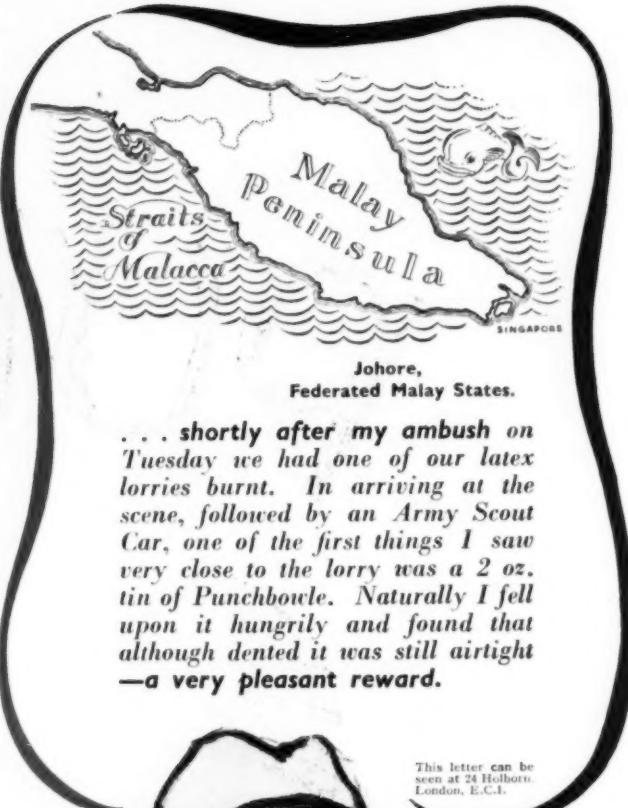


Brylcreem is the first step to smartness, the step that makes all the difference on the road to success. It gives you that well groomed, confident look that famous men all over the world have found so valuable. Yes, Brylcreem is the perfect hairdressing. Brylcreem comes in tubs 1/6, 2/3 and 4/1, or handy tubes 2/3.



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**The FULL-STRENGTH**  
**TOBACCO**

This famous tobacco is also available in two other strengths. In the mild form it is called Parson's Pleasure whilst the medium variety is known as Barney's. Each of the three strengths is priced at 4/6d. the ounce.

*And*  
IT'S MADE BY **JOHN SINCLAIR LTD.**



## For the Elizabethan era

Without chemicals, standards of living everywhere would soon slip back into the Dark Ages; few modern industrial processes would be completed, farm crops would dwindle and our daily surroundings would be far less attractive.

In our chosen field of enterprise — the distribution of the chemical products of the vast Shell organisation, in the United Kingdom — we do in some measure serve the community beyond the mere bounds of being in business for a living. This service we shall try to sustain and strengthen for all who can make use of it throughout Her Majesty's reign.





THE BIG NAME ON  
THE  
*large* BOTTLE

TODAY, as 150 years ago, when Noilly Prat made 'French' famous throughout the world, this delightful vermouth is still made only in France, from French grapes by French master blenders; still matured for years in the wood, and bottled in the large bottle. Yes, this is the original dry vermouth that blends so well with gin, so robust that it makes a complete aperitif on its own, or with just a sliver of lemon peel squeezed and dropped into it. In Summer, ice and soda may be added. So remember:

SAY "*Noilly Prat*" AND  
YOUR FRENCH WILL BE PERFECT

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BLENDED AND BOTTLED IN THE LARGE BOTTLE IN FRANCE

SOLE IMPORTERS: WM. CHAS. ANDERSON & CO., LIME STREET, LONDON E.C.3.

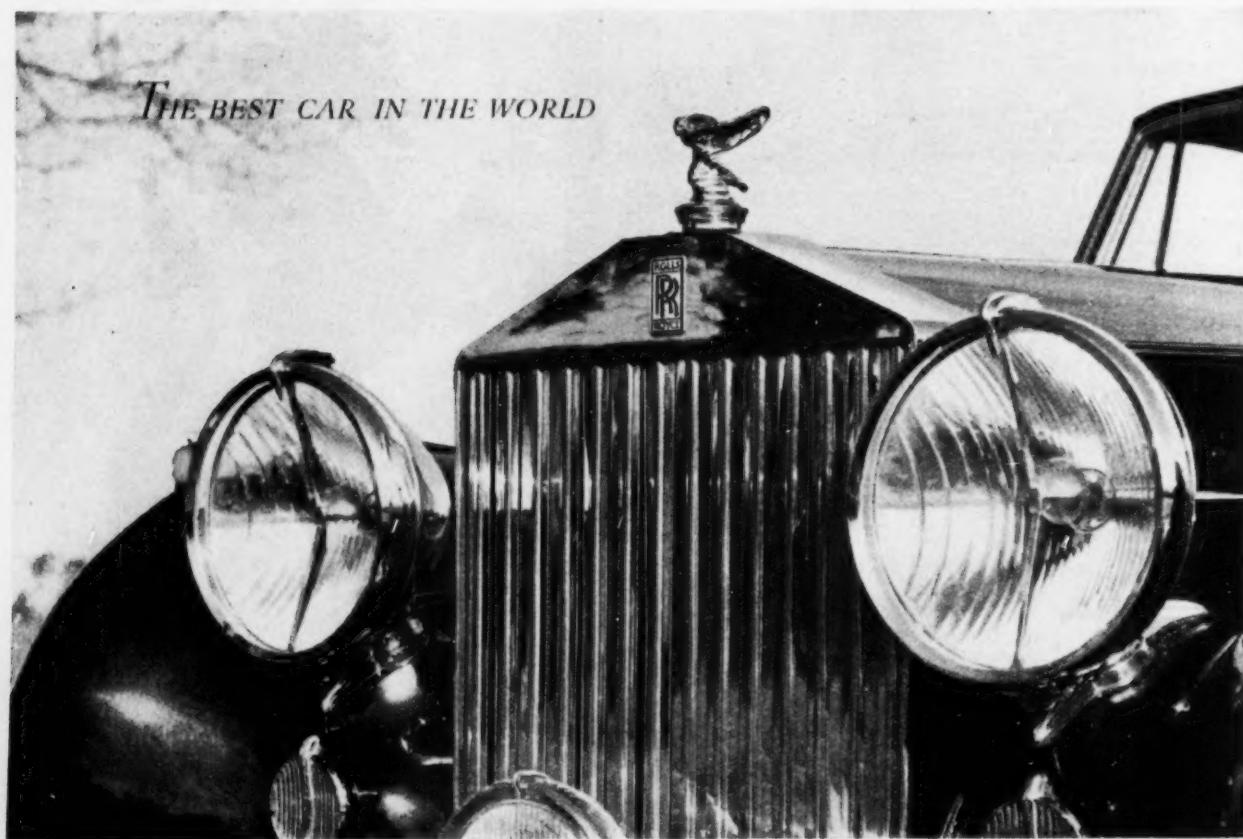


## June

With patience and luck you could still catch fish in the old way with a bent pin on a piece of string, though children realize that success is much more likely with a modern rod. You can still try to carry your business in your head and keep your money in a tin box—but why make life difficult? The up-to-date services provided by the Midland Bank have contributed largely to the success of many business men.

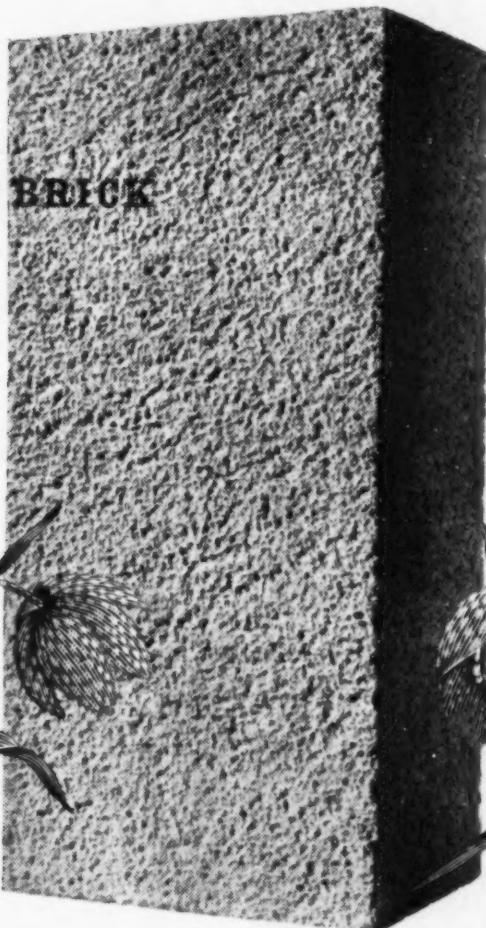
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OVER 2,100 BRANCHES TO SERVE YOU



THIS IS NO COMMON

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You can't build a house with it. But you CAN build a business.

It's the M.I.28 (one of the new Morgan Refractories), and its claim to fame is that it does NOT soak up half the heat of the furnace.

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and will not grudge the  
higher price, because

**MORGAN**  
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The famous writer with the Queen Anne

WRITER SIR ALAN HERBERT is the busiest of men. At home he likes to have everything within reach. "Nothing's handier than a Ronson table lighter at your elbow," he says. "In fact, my friends find my Ronson Queen Anne as useful as I do." A superb work of contemporary craftsmanship, the Queen

Anne lights first time, every time, goes for months on one filling, and makes an unusually fine gift for weddings, anniversaries and birthdays. But perhaps you'd like to give yourself one first? 4 guineas.

**RONSON** for the Home  
WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTER — a fine gift

# Comment on crime

**C**RIME, violence, vice are with us more than ever before. It would be foolish for a newspaper to ignore them. The Manchester Guardian does not ignore—neither does it unduly emphasise.

There is nothing prudish about the Manchester Guardian. But it has a sense of balance. It is interested in good as well as in evil. It knows that not all the most important news comes from Old Bailey or the Divorce Courts.

Those who read the Manchester Guardian are kept well-informed and well entertained. The range of interests in the Manchester Guardian is indeed wide. The writing and reporting are clean and vivid.

For those who are justly weary of a surfeit of the Vicious Circle, we recommend the tonic of a change to the stimulating Manchester Guardian.

*If you have any difficulty in getting your Manchester Guardian regularly, please write to:  
The Manchester Guardian, Manchester.*



## We are willing to buy BRASS BANDS

... but would prefer to buy all qualities of non-ferrous scrap metal from engineers, shipbreakers or similar industries, and from merchants, too.

The non-ferrous scrap is used by us in the manufacture of ingots for foundries, thereby helping to assist in the supply of these important materials.

Please ask us for scrap prices.

Sell your scrap to

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NEWHAVEN ROAD, LEITH, EDINBURGH 6. TEL: 36611 AND AT GLASGOW · BIRMINGHAM AND NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE

Doug



A gracious welcome to your guests

20/- bottle · 10/6 half bottle

TO PATRIOTIC RACING ENTHUSIASTS



## COPE'S ROYAL CAVALCADE OF THE TURF

A new and superbly illustrated publication packed with fascinating stories of the Turf.

One of the most handsome Coronation souvenirs yet produced.

This fascinating study of Royalty and the Turf from the days of the Romans to our present Queen costs only 10/-. It is a strictly limited edition bound in Royal Purple and Gold and beautifully illustrated throughout, many plates being in full colour. Post the coupon today, and receive your copy by return.

Please note: This volume cannot be bought on any bookstall or in any bookshop.

Please send me, post free, a copy of Cope's Royal Cavalcade of the Turf. I enclose P.O. value 10/-.

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**DAVID COPE LTD.**  
LUDGATE CIRCUS, LONDON, E.C.4



*Why can't you remember  
where you put things, Angela?*

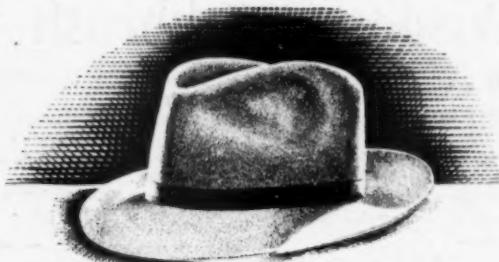
In the tool bag at the back of the cycle, or on the shelf in the garage, there is (or should be) a narrow little box for mending punctures. It contains a tube of rubber solution. Albright & Wilson's part in this is to provide the carbon tetrachloride which is often used as the non-inflammable rubber solvent. Carbon tetrachloride has other useful functions. It dry-cleans your clothes. It extinguishes fires. It cures liver fluke in sheep. It is one example, from among many, of the way chemicals by Albright & Wilson serve industry and the general public.



*Chemicals for Industry*

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### CHRISTYS' ROLLAWAY

The most comfortable hat made — weighs only two ounces — ideal for business yet casual enough to wear with sports clothes.

Available in a good range of colours.

## CHRISTYS' HATS

OBtainable From

CHRISTY & CO. LTD., 35 GRACECHURCH STREET, E.C.3  
(Entrance in Lombard Court)

and good class men's shops everywhere

A detailed illustration of a pack of Player's Perfectos cigarettes. The pack is white with gold and red accents, featuring the brand name and '100 CIGARETTES' printed on it. It is resting on a dark, textured surface.

### Player's **PERFECTOS**

The inevitable choice for those who appreciate the finer things in life.

*Packed in boxes of 50 and 100*

JOHN PLAYER & SONS, BRANCH OF THE IMPERIAL TOBACCO CO. (OF GREAT BRITAIN & IRELAND), LTD.

PF28A



## grist to the million

Any day, anywhere, you see them, their baskets filled with the necessities (and luxuries) of life, quite unaware of how much they depend on board — the "cardboard" which makes shopping easy and practicable. Board for protective cartons, board for sturdy packing cases; board everywhere, much of it produced at Thames Board Mills. From these modern mills where fifty years' experience goes into every day's work, come the "THAMES BOARD" and "FIBERITE" packing cases used for the effective distribution of hundreds of products to millions of homes.

### THAMES BOARD MILLS LTD PURFLEET, ESSEX

Manufacturers of  
"THAMES BOARD" for cartons and other uses;  
"FIBERITE" Packing Cases; "ESSEX" Wallboard  
(Mills at Purfleet, Essex and Warrington, Lancs)



**EARLYWARM**  
all wool WITNEY BLANKETS

*extra soft for Baby*

For over 280 years . . . through fifteen reigns . . . Earlywarm Blankets have been woven by skilled craftsmen at Witney in Oxfordshire. Today they are still the finest Blankets you can buy. They are made of 100% pure wool and are moth-proof, odourless and colourfast against sunlight and washing. Their cosy warmth, combined with exquisite lightness is a special virtue in Blankets designed for a Baby's cot. Such soft, fleecy luxury embodies all that is best in British craftsmanship. Ask for Earlywarm Blankets at leading stores everywhere. Cot or full-size, in white or pastel shades with whipped ends or ribbon binding.

**EARLYWARM Cleaning and Refinishing Service**  
The ideal way to preserve the warmth and beauty of your Blankets.

# EARLYWARM

all wool

WITNEY BLANKETS



An EARLY product from Witney, Oxfordshire

# Thousands acclaim new Wisdom toothbrush

## BEATS BOTH NYLON AND BRISTLE

THE new Wisdom Flextron has been on the market only a month or two. Yet already it has hundreds of thousands of enthusiastic users. And no wonder.

Wisdom Flextron is a new, improved kind of nylon. It has all the advantages of ordinary nylon (lasts longer, doesn't break or go soggy), plus the essential liveli-

ness and snap-back of the finest natural bristle.

### Five Big Advantages

- 1 Flextron tufts are more lively than ordinary nylon—they probe into every hidden crevice.
- 2 Flextron is finer than ordinary nylon, giving it the gentleness of bristle. Wonderful for polishing!
- 3 Flextron won't wilt. Bend it as much as you like, it springs right back.
- 4 Flextron tufts can't snap off with wear. And like the tufts in all Wisdom toothbrushes they are *permanently anchored*.
- 5 Flextron maintains "new brush" efficiency day in, day out. Your Wisdom Flextron brush will last much longer than a bristle brush, at least as long as a nylon brush.



MISS JEAN ADAMSON was one of the first to use the new Wisdom Flextron toothbrush two months ago. Now she says: "The Wisdom Flextron is wonderful for polishing, easy on my gums, and much better at really cleaning my teeth than any other brush I have ever used."

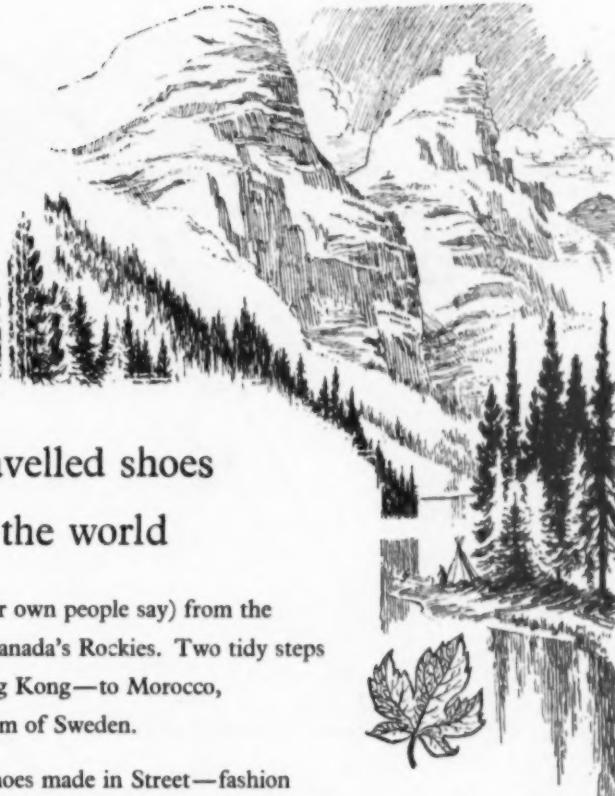
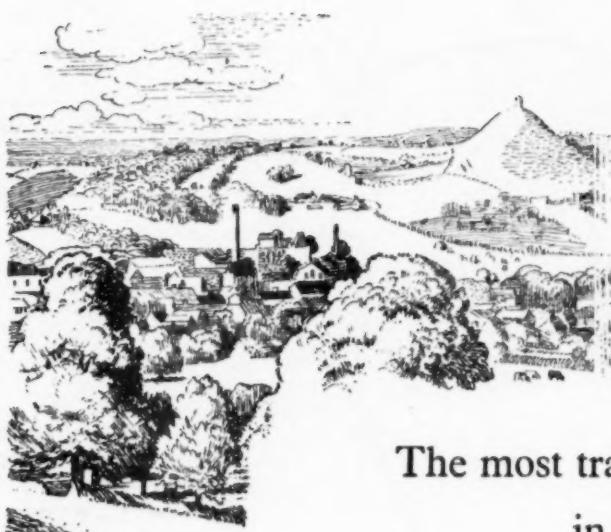


Made by Addis Ltd., of Hertford, who made the world's first toothbrush in 1780



THE MOST TREASURED NAME IN PERFUME . . .

# CHANEL



## The most travelled shoes in the world



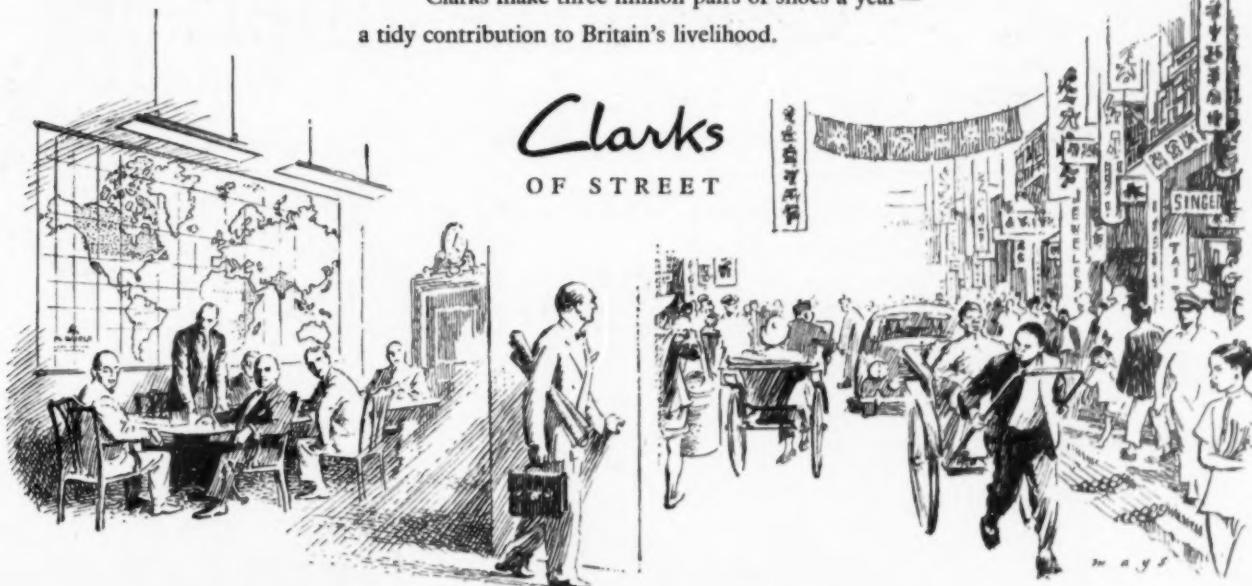
"A tidy step" (as our own people say) from the  
mild tors of Somerset to Canada's Rockies. Two tidy steps  
to the clamour of Hong Kong—to Morocco,  
the U.S.A., to the busy calm of Sweden.

These are the export routes of shoes made in Street—fashion  
shoes and casuals, children's shoes and sandals. Their excellence  
of craftsmanship has won them right of way in the shops and the  
households of more than sixty countries.

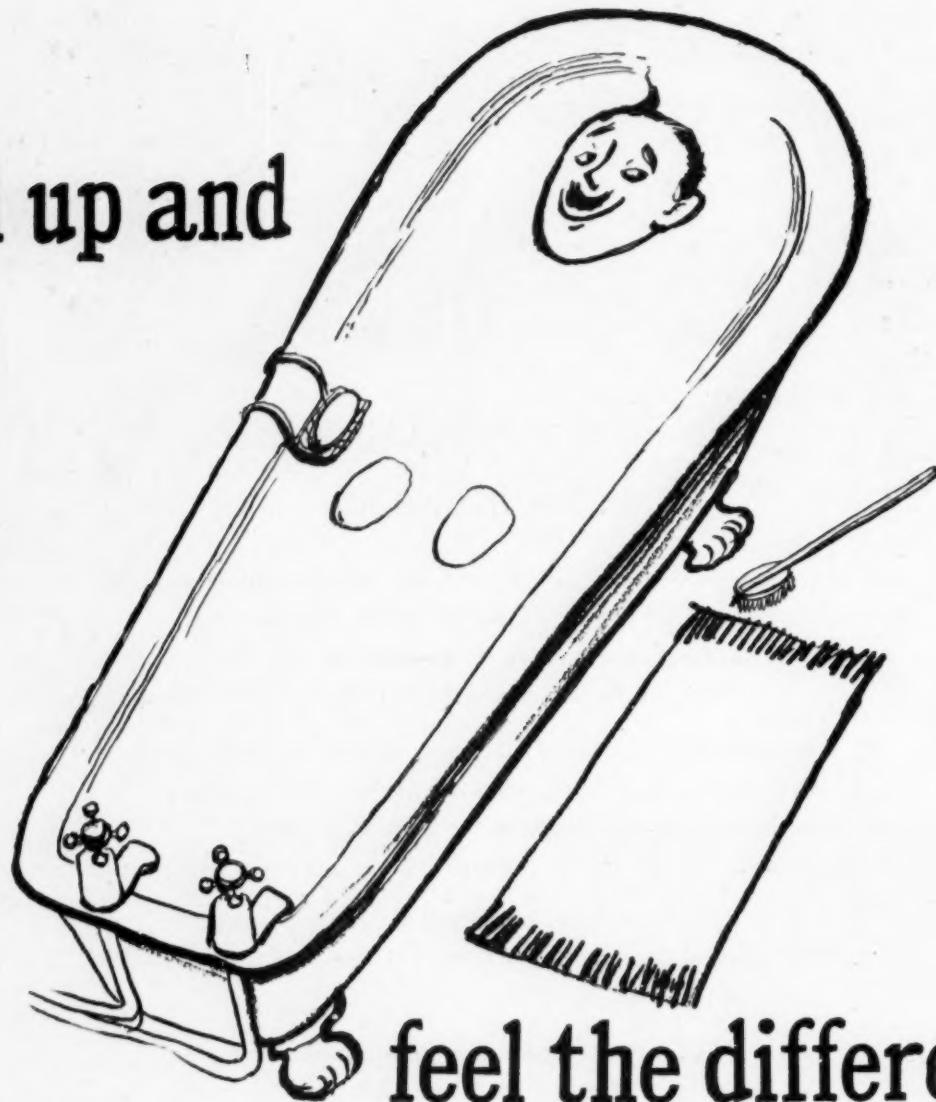
Clarks factories have grown up in Canada, Australia,  
New Zealand and Eire, schooled by Clarks technicians  
to the skills and ways of Street.

Clarks make three million pairs of shoes a year—  
a tidy contribution to Britain's livelihood.

**Clarks**  
OF STREET



fill up and



feel the difference

One of the pleasantest things to Shell is the way it is making  
so many new friends among the younger motorists—as well as keeping  
the old friends who are delighted to have it back.

News of a petrol that proves by results always travels round—  
and no matter where you travel in Britain . . .

YOU CAN BE SURE OF



PUNCH

JUNE 3<sup>rd</sup>

### REFLECTIONS IN THE CROWN

I WAS just thinking, round about this date  
We had that Festival, two years ago;  
And what all that was meant to celebrate  
Only the expert really seemed to know.  
Lord, how we laboured to be brave and gay  
All through that long, embarrassing summer, while  
Small, smooth men pruned our proper pride away  
And egged us on to smile.

But this is different. This is personal.  
We are certain of ourselves, on our own ground.  
We do not need Directors-General  
To plan our programme when a Queen is crowned.  
The common instinct moves, and we obey.  
The mere allegiance indicates our part.  
So each man celebrates in his own way—  
And therefore from the heart.

And whether he prefers to fish or hike,  
To golf or garden, to get right away  
Or stay at home and organize a strike,  
To drink (like us), or sleep, or read, or pray,  
He shares this large, illogical delight,  
And so asserts in such way as he can  
His odd, unconscious, undisputed right  
To be an Englishman.

Myself not least. I have drunk to the Queen's grace  
Eight times to-night, and this will make it nine.  
It will not surely, then, be out of place  
To make this loyal toast the last. Untwine  
Your paper streamers from my hair, release  
My close-linked arms, my friends, and let me be.  
I feel the need to meditate in peace  
On England's sovereignty.      P. M. HUBBARD

Norman  
Manbridge



**O**UTSIDE, the scene is familiar:

My dearest,—London is now very gay. The whole of the line of procession is nearly covered with galleries and raised seats; when these are clothed with carpets and colored hangings the effect will be superb. London teems with foreigners.

Benjamin Disraeli was writing to his wife in June 1838, three days before the coronation of Queen Victoria. It is possible that the familiarity was illusive; for instance, by "teems with foreigners," Disraeli meant "there are full 200 (*on dit*) of distinction, attached to the different embassies." And there would have been few, if any, Americans.

Disraeli decided not to attend the ceremony, because it would have meant getting a court dress, and while in that mood he consoled himself that "to get up very early (eight o'clock), to sit dressed like a flunky in the Abbey for seven or eight hours, and to listen to a sermon by the Bishop of London, can be no great enjoyment." But unless tailoring was unbelievably rapid in those days, this must have been merely a cover; for he got a court dress at 2.30 a.m. on Coronation day and found the ceremony "the most splendid, various and interesting affair" he had ever attended.

The Queen looked very well, and performed her part with great grace and completeness, which cannot in general be said for the other performers; they were always in doubt as to what came next.

Queen Victoria, he thought, behaved with great grace and feeling over Lord Rolle, who tripped when about to make his homage. The Queen left her own account—

Poor old Lord Rolle, who is 82, and dreadfully infirm, in attempting to ascend the steps fell and rolled quite down . . . when

## "WITH GREAT GRACE AND FEELING"

he attempted to re-ascend them I got up and advanced to the end of the steps.

"The foreigners," commented the cynical Dizzy, "thought that Lord Rolle's tumble was a tenure by which he held his barony." The octogenarian peer was unhurt, and Disraeli squired him at a review in Hyde Park a few days later.

The Queen was at one with Disraeli over the somewhat extempore nature of some of the proceedings. The Bishop of Durham, she wrote, "was very *maladroit*, and never could tell me what was to take place." When she had descended from the Throne and gone to St. Edward's Chapel, where the altar was "covered with sandwiches, bottles of wine, etc.—

The Archbishop came in and ought to have delivered the Orb to me, but I had already got it, and he (as usual) was so confused and puzzled and knew nothing, and—went away.

Later he put the ring on the Queen's wrong finger, whence she "had the greatest difficulty to take it off again, which I at last did with great pain."

No doubt the admission of cinema and television cameras into the Abbey nowadays has some influence on the care with which the ceremony is prepared. It was

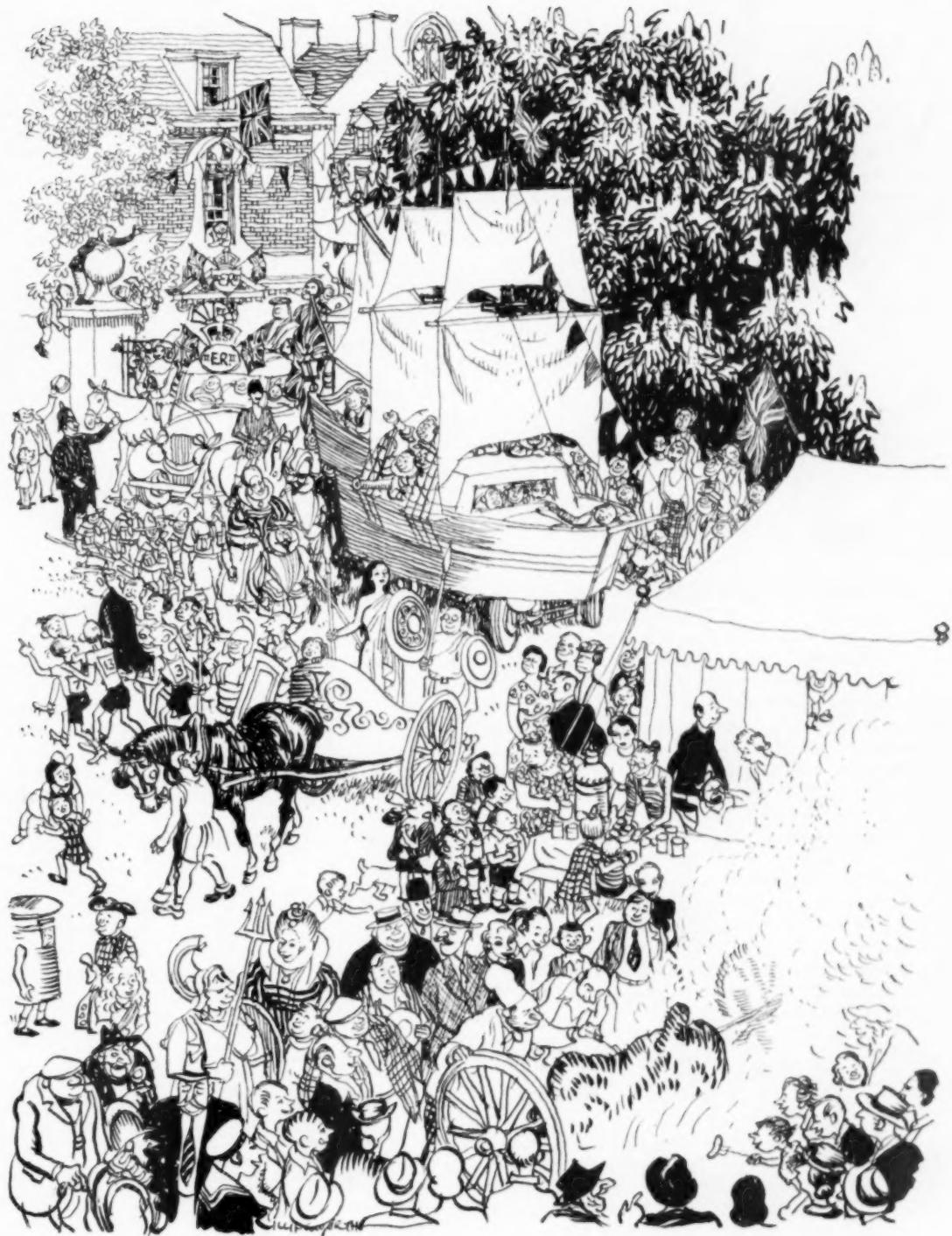
probably the sheerest bad luck that Disraeli should have caught sight of Lord Ward after the 1838 coronation "in a retiring room, drinking champagne out of a pewter pot, his coronet cocked aside, his robes disordered, and his arms akimbo;" even so, the number of people to whom he was likely to retail his impressions was unlikely to be very large—a few score at the outside. If there had been any risk of being caught by Richard Dimbleby, and perhaps even asked to say a few words about his impressions, Lord Ward would have been more particular. Possibly Lord Melbourne himself would not have gone through the ceremony looking "very awkward and uncouth, his coronet cocked over his nose, his robes under his feet, and holding the great sword of state like a butcher," if he had thought it likely that hundreds of thousands of citizens would see him doing so, in full colour, in the news reels.

There are people, not all of them senile or feeble-minded, who think the filming and broadcasting of the Coronation ceremony wrong. The service is being cheapened, they argue, and debased to the level of an entertainment. There is something in their argument, too; a wireless wave is quite undiscriminating in its choice of receivers, and yesterday's proceedings may have been seen and heard in all sorts of unsuitable places, by a variety of incongruous people. Yet future historians may conclude that it was largely on those very people's account that so great pains were taken to ensure the smoothness and dignity of yesterday's great triumph.

In one respect at any rate no improvement over 1838 was called for. "You did it beautifully," said Lord Melbourne to his Sovereign, on the evening of her great day—"every part of it, with so much taste; it's a thing you can't give a person advice upon; it must be left to a person."

It has been left in good hands.  
B. A. YOUNG

"Now that's what I really call a Coronation!"



IN THE HEART OF THE COUNTRY

## For a Special Occasion

**N**OT much above a year ago there fell into my hands a catalogue of printing types, decorative borders, trade electros and Old Style Engravings, and I discovered to my amazement that a writer who wished to alleviate his prose with a picture of men running



or a string of fifteen consecutive whirligigs had no need to engage the services of an expensive artist. It was only necessary to order No. 3041 from the catalogue and there, at trifling cost, were the runners. I could have had them in a larger size, had I so desired—just as easily as I could have doubled the number of these whirligigs



or put a row of them at the end of every paragraph to give a feeling of Homeric rapidity to my work.

Faithful old readers may remember that I was a little carried away by this discovery and, in an article written at the time, perhaps overweighted the page with electros. There was a dish of fruit, in particular, that threatened to overrun the limits of good taste. Yet, even so, I can claim to have been not altogether without discretion. "There is an engraving of beehives in the catalogue," I wrote, "that I should very much have liked to work in. But enough is enough . . . and prudence suggests that something be left for another time."

Here was wisdom indeed. And who can doubt that that other time has now arrived? If ever there was an occasion that demanded something a little more than flat, unadorned 10-point prose, this week is surely it.



These are not, of course, the beehives to which reference has been made. An opportunity to work them in will, it is hoped, arise later. The illustrations show, reading from left to right (if I may ask my Chinese readers to bear with me so far), the coronets worn by Earl, Viscount, Baron and Baron respectively. It is no good asking why the Barons have a choice of headgear, because the catalogue does not tell me.

You might suppose the right-hand one was for summer wear, but look at the size of it. My guess is that it is worn by big, bad barons in all weathers, while little, bald ones favour the closed model.



Good. I rather care for that. It is not an exact representation of the decorations in the Mall, but it gives the spirit of the occasion and would look well with the floral emblems of the Home Countries suspended from its extremities. Here are the rose of England and the thistle of Scotland:



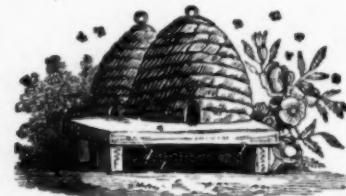
but there is an awkwardness about leeks. My catalogue, which has nine separate electros of cows, and a quite unnecessary study of dead fish menaced by a lobster, totally disregards the less fleshy requirements of Welshmen. This puts me in a quandary.

(*Note to printer. Try putting a 14-pt. nought sideways under one of those 18-pt. parallel-line reference marks. Then add a circumflex below the nought to make the rootlets and stick some suitable brackets on top for leaves. There's going to be trouble if we don't have a leek of some sort.*

*I'll have a look at it when it's ready.*



*Is that it? Yes, well, thanks. Perhaps we'd better compromise with No. 1132 from the catalogue.)*



There seems to be some mistake. This is not No. 1132, nor is it characteristically Welsh. Still, it is not inapposite at Coronation time, for beehives represent Industry and Thrift, as anybody can see by

looking at the left-hand side of a pound note. Moreover, though the front hive in our illustration is resting on a table, the rear one is clearly self-supporting, which indicates Independence; and both of them have handles at the top for lifting them up by, which indicates an Inquiring Mind and a Readiness to Take Risks—all typically British attributes.

Would these have done for leeks, do you think, if I had found them in time?

I am tempted at this point to diversify the look of the page by borrowing a line or two from one of the innumerable exotic types they advertise in this catalogue. "Coronation" type would be nice. But the only sentence they seem to have in this, or indeed in any other type is "The quick brown fox jumps over the lazy dog." I don't see where this would lead us. There isn't even an electro to lend verisimilitude to so improbable a statement. The nearest I can get is No. 692, which is patriotic but calls, as will be seen, for some slight modification of the catalogue's ridiculous remark:



*The quaint white horse jumps over the loathsome dragon*

*(I thought this was a neat get-out, but the printers now tell me that I have missed the whole point by modifying the title. The sole raison d'être of "The quick brown fox, etc." is that the sentence contains all the letters of the alphabet. My revised version, they say, lacks b, c, f, k, v, x, y and z. Very well, then. All I have to do is to substitute for "loathsome" another adjective which contains these eight letters—plus, as the intelligent reader will realize, l. Just hand me the dictionary, open at "Klyz"—")*

*It is not as easy as I thought. "Flickering" makes a good start but tails off later. "Sphinx-like" is only superficially attractive. And "Czechoslovakian" would be difficult to justify in the context, for St. George's Cappadocia was farther east. On the whole I am inclined to compound for "Black-avized," a colourful word which knocks off six of the nine missing letters, leaving only f, x and y unaccounted for. It is now only necessary to find an alternative word for dragon which will include these three familiar letters. The reader may perhaps care to work out the problem for himself.\*)*

\* My own final solution, at the time of going to press, is "The quaint white horse jumps over the black-avized ex-hippogriff." I justify the last word on the ground that the dragon may well have suffered several transmogrifications in the course of its career. To call it a hippogriff would, on the evidence of the illustration, be clearly wrong; ex-hippogriff is by no means ruled out. I justify the spelling of hippogriff on the ground of convenience.



All this has taken us a little astray from the main theme of the article, and I am further embarrassed by the appearance of the Old Style Engraving just above which has, of course, got in by error. The letters "w.f." alongside it, by the way, are a printers' abbreviation for "wrong font," but no notice seems to have been taken of them. The Old Style Engraving, or Woodcut rather, that I meant to use is, of course, No. 1271



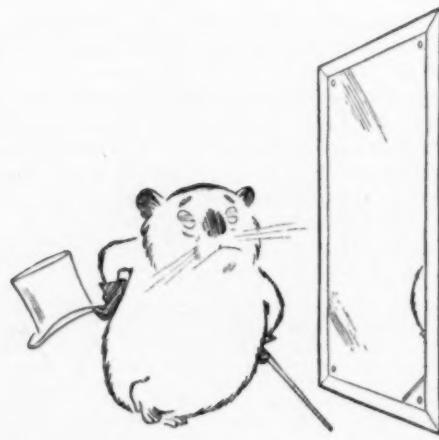
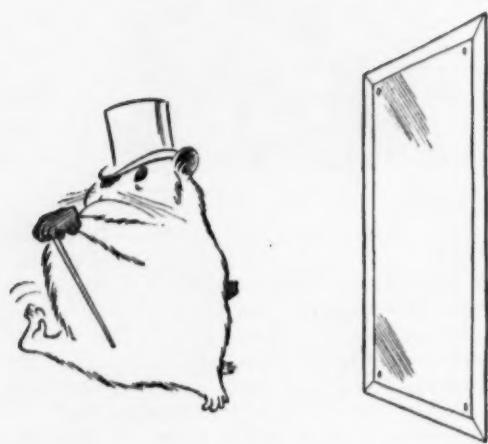
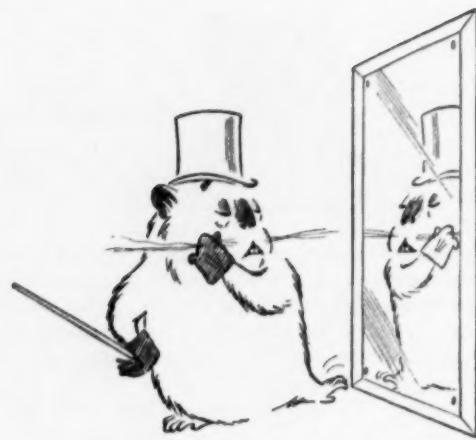
which shows three revellers resting in Hyde Park after the Procession. The tree has its roots in the air because there are too many rocks about to permit of the more usual arrangement, and the two seated figures are, from their hats, Australian visitors. The recumbent gentleman is either wearing his headgear on his elbow, or has broken his back in an ill-conceived attempt to lie prone and supine simultaneously. I should guess him to be a visiting Dutch contortionist. But there is an air of repose about the scene, nevertheless, that is very English. Note the traces of litter, and the way the three friends have turned their backs on each other—perhaps as the result of some trifling disagreement about the best viewpoint from which to see the fireworks. Note also the markedly lazy dog. If ever there was an opportunity for a quick brown fox . . .

All we want now, to round this article off, is a tail-piece. Tailpieces do not normally have captions, but I have, in the interests of clarity, added one here.

H. F. ELLIS



*Knocker out of order. Please ring.*



## Behind the Velvet Curtain

**O**VER the vast continent of uneasiness which extends from Berlin to Petropavlovsk and from Chelyuskin to Kushk another shadow has fallen, and out of the shadow has welled a pool of silence. In Verkhoyansk three disloyal collective moss-gatherers do not notice the silence, so interested are they in discussing whether Stalin died in 1953, '43, or '33, and they are overheard by a Stakhanovite journalist who types with his feet in order to maintain his daily output of 50,000 words. The journalist crosses to the window with the intention of shooting the moss-gatherers; then returns to his literary treadmill. But his feet hang in the air; his left hand strokes his silken beard, and his right hand holds a small mirror in which he examines his furred and coated tongue.

This is not an isolated incident. In the suburbs of Ijevsk a veteran of the Red Army pauses in the writing of his memoirs; in Nijni Tagilsk the Secondary Modern School has been closed until further notice; and in the offices of *Pravda*, Kravchevi and Migulinsk, the ace political economists, are slowly and painfully grinding out an article on the nesting habits of the wood-pigeon for to-morrow's front page.

Further east an old man is trudging along the dusty road which

leads into the village of Pldbsk. He looks up into the clear blue sky and nudges his aged wife. It reminds him of 1917, he grunts. "Fool and Trotskyist!" grunts back his wife, who is equally adept at this form of conversation.

In Moscow a junior third secretary at the American Embassy is dusting the three photographs (Marilyn Monroe, Mr. Cohn and Mr. Schine) which stand on his desk. A senior second secretary puts his head round the door. "You're fired!" he says, but this is not strictly relevant—in fact it has nothing whatever to do with the paralysis which is creeping across the continent and the ripple of silence which radiates outwards from an obscure office of the Socialist Unity Party.

The plain fact is that the banning of the 178 terms of abuse, hitherto recommended for application to all non-Communists and their works, has caused an almost complete disruption in the cultural life of a continent. *Capitalist beasts, boogie-woogie gangsters, terror plutocrats, carrion, vultures, scum, and dregs of humanity*—these and 171 other weighty jewels of polite conversation are, for the moment at least, out. Not only propaganda-writers—for whom this must simply be regarded as another occupational hazard—but also schoolchildren,

historians, novelists, broadcasters and a host of others have been rendered uncomfortably idle.

Typewriters are being offered in the streets of Leningrad for the price of a nip of vodka; work has stopped in the Joseph Stalin Junior Essay Competition (open to all Soviet children; subject this year "*Dehumanized Western Bandits and Money-bag Hyenas of the Atlantic Sea-board*"); the special Coronation Supplement of the *Omsk Evening Telegraph* has had to be withdrawn; and a leading literary historian is said to be papering the walls of his villa near Magnitogorsk with the manuscript pages of his almost completed "*The Brontës: Fascist Bandits or Imperialist Blood-suckers?*"

It is too early as yet to say exactly what is meant by this latest Soviet move (in political journalism it is always too early until it is too late); but authoritative circles in Fleet Street and elsewhere are inclined to a mood of cautious optimism. For one thing it will provide a subject for a leader.

WILLIAM THORNTON

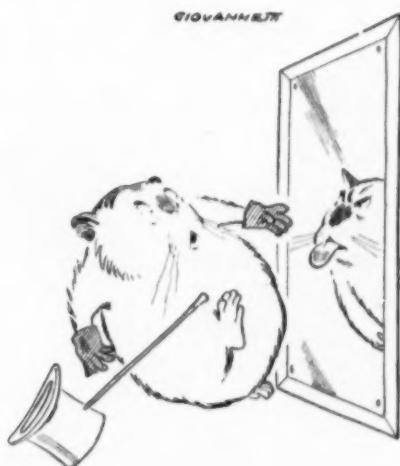


"Grateful thanks are extended to all those who generously gave donations, prizes, refreshments, and to the ladies who helped to serve the 'eats,' which included four of the girl guides."

*Great and Little Leighs magazine*

Keep one on ice for this week?

GIOVANNETTI



## A Play for Cakeburn-on-Twyne

(Author's Note: The Parish Council's flattering request for a short historical drama to conclude Cakeburn's day of celebration posed a puzzle, as our little community is not rich in lore. Should the following fail in exact adherence to history, therefore, I can only plead a precedent in an earlier (and possibly greater) dramatist, William Shakespeare.—J. B. B.)

\* \* \*

### KING ALFRED

#### Dramatis Personæ

ALFRED I, King of England  
ASSA, his Biographer  
CHURL, a Churl  
GYRTHA, his Wife  
A Messenger

ACT I SCENE I

Outside a Hovel

Enter CHURL, carrying sticks

CHURL. I stick at sticks, yet for my stomach's sake must stick them. A fire, saith she. Nay, saith I. Yea, saith my stomach. No breakfast without baking, no baking without fire, no fire without sticks. Sticks, I love thee, yet not I but my stomach.

[Lays sticks]

Enter GYRTHA. She strikes him

GYRTHA. Lout. Loll-tongue. (Strikes him again). Get thee in, weevil-pate. (Exit CHURL to Hovel.) The useless looby. He is as like to lay an egg to perfection as a fire.

[Lays fire and lights it]

Enter ALFRED, with ASSA

ASSA. My lord, great Alfred, stay the royal foot.

ALFRED. Complain'st thou, Assa?

ASSA. Nay, my feet complain.

Besides, I've much to write. Let's sit.

ALFRED.

We'll sit.

[They sit]

ASSA. Well so. Now I my tablets may inscribe With all the woes of this most woeful morn, On which we pitched our tents by marshy shore Of a sweet-seeming stream, its name unwist. I wish I wist its name.

ALFRED. Why wish to wist? The soldiers' tents were all sucked swiftly down By traitor-swamps beneath, 'til none remained But one, all cautious-looped around a root That like a lifeline held its wreck above The mire. And that tent ours, for which give thanks.

ASSA. 'Tis for the record only that I wish I wist the river's name.

GYRTHA. Its name is Twyne.



"Has anyone seen a flag?"

ALFRED. Who speaks?

GYRTHA. He asked the river's name, not mine.

ALFRED. True spoke.

ASSA (*writing*). The river Twyne. A pretty name.

GYRTHA. And what is thine, since names are now  
exchanging?

Thou look'st a sorry lout. And, for the bargain,  
Sittest on private ground. So get thee off,  
Or there are those within will send thee packing.  
(Calls) Ho, Churl! Husband! Slack-chops!  
He sleeps, but can be waked if necessary.

ASSA. Woman, thou speakest to a king.

GYRTHA. And thou  
To Cleopatra. Think'st to gull me?

ASSA (*writing*). I  
Should strike her. Yet to strike and write together  
O'erstrains my powers. And duty bids me write.

GYRTHA. The cakes are baking. Watch them well.  
I must lay rushes on the hovel floor.

Thy watch shall be thy fee for sitting here  
On private ground.

ASSA. What is the place's name?

GYRTHA. Forsooth, thou'rt nuts on names. It has no name.

ASSA. What, none? Not for the record?

GYRTHA. None

I ever heard of. Peace, and watch the cakes.

[Exit ALFRED]

ALFRED. I watch! And yet I dream. I seem to see  
Great buildings growing here. A Witan Hall,  
Fine manufactories for making boots  
And glue, and brewing sack. High cylinders,  
Green-hued, with puissant vapours hoarded, silent  
And invisible, that goodwives need not bake  
By twig and tinder-box upon the ground.  
Chimneys like oaks bloom smoky plumes on high,  
Tall carts go horseless. And on holidays,  
That jocund serfs may celebrate a time  
When all the nation's glad, there's merriment,  
With banners wav'd, and song, and plays  
perform'd,  
And on this very spot one personates  
A king. That's me.

ASSA (*writing*). That's I, thou mean'st to say.

ALFRED.  
Be still. Thou kill'st the dream with pedantry.  
The vision's gone.

ASSA. I have it down.

Enter GYRTHA

GYRTHA. My cakes!  
To cinders burned! Thou lout, thou dreaming clod,  
Thou limp-wit babbler, stagger-brain and loon!  
[Strikes ALFRED]

Ashes of fire and cake are intermix'd  
That none can tell apart. Thou dim-eyed dog!  
[Strikes ALFRED]

ASSA (*writing*).  
This is a story. King twice struck. Yet I  
Must get it down. My pen's my blade.

GYRTHA. A king?  
A charcoal-burner! Get thee gone. Be off!

*Enter a Messenger*

MESSENGER.

Most noble Majesty, great Alfred, King,  
Old Ethelwulf's last son, and brother true  
To Ethelbald, I humbly beg thine ear.

ALFRED. All's lost, is that thy lay?

ASSA. Nay!

MESSENGER. Nay. Set down  
That Alfred hath a glorious victory won,  
As I am sent to say. I know no more.

ALFRED.

These news are pleasant. Good young man, here's  
gold. [Exit Messenger]

GYRTHA. Thou'rt King, in sooth? A feather might down-  
knock me!

ALFRED.  
Let's rise and go. Yet ere we leave this place  
That hath extended curious hospitality  
And witnessed how that cakes may look at kings  
Yet go by kings unlook'd at—why, I swear  
I'll name it.

ASSA. Do, that I may get it down.

ALFRED.  
As CAKEBURN history shall know this spot,  
Where Alfred as a cook proved none too hot.

[Exit ALFRED]

GYRTHA. Who would have thought fair England  
had for kings  
Such goose-cap, trash-wit, jobbernowlish things.  
(Calls) Churl, ho! More sticks. Bestir thyself about,  
Thou King of Cakeburn, ninnyhammer, lout!

[Exit Gyrtha, to Hovel]

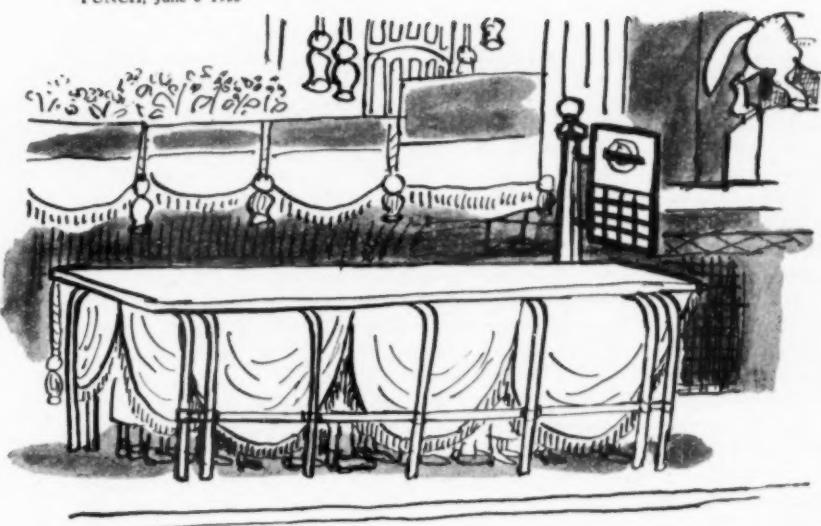
ASSA. CAKEBURN-ON-TWYNE! I'll send, with  
this success,  
The Anglo-Saxon Chronicle to press!

[He puts up his tablets and Exit  
J. B. BOOTHROYD

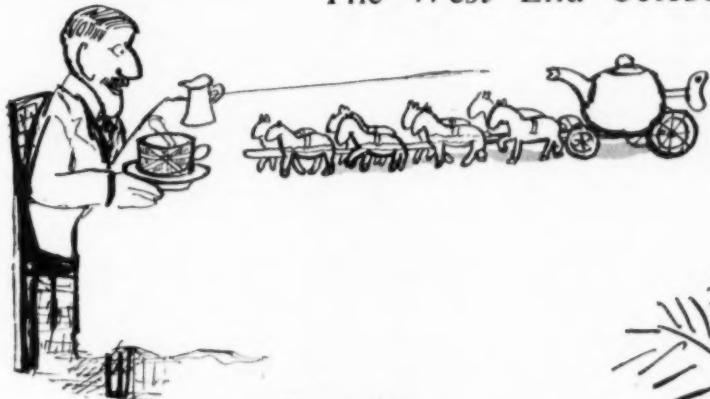


"Before I go for my chat to the passengers, that's  
the altimeter, this is the air speed indicator, that's the  
Machmeter. . . ."





*The West End Celebrates*



## A STRANGE AND FEARFUL THING

**O**NE fine spring night I was in my study, quietly thinking, when someone began to play the harp. As a rule I barely notice any noise at all because I live in a block of luxury flats. The telephone next door, the cistern above, the baby below and the pneumatic drill on the road outside are so much a part of my life that they awake in me no response beyond a faint uneasiness when they happen to fall silent. The harp was somehow different.

It seemed very near, and yet it could not be. There is a clause in our lease governing the use of musical instruments—as, indeed, of practically everything else. It could not come from the block of equally luxurious flats over the way, for the tenants there were similarly restricted.

The playing was not perhaps brilliant, but it was very good. The night seemed full of the throbbing music, gentle and yet wild. I opened the window and it flowed into the room as if pushing past me; and all at once my study wore a new face, or it may be that I rediscovered its old one. The pictures brightened, or so it seemed, and the flowers glowed with a deeper colour; I saw that the brocade of my curtains after all was remarkably fine.

I determined to track the music down to its source. Throwing on a coat I tip-toed out and down the

stairway, since after ten o'clock the use of the lift is prohibited. I closed the heavy main door behind me, softly, in accordance with the placard swinging on its handle. The streets were empty except for a few passing vehicles.

As if to make fun of me, the music immediately stopped. For a moment I stood on the pavement, peering vaguely into the night. A full moon rode serenely over the roof-tops in a little frame of coppery cloud. In the lamp-light the new leaves seemed to shoot from their branches like fiery green tongues. Then the musician began once more, this time with a gay rendering of Boccherini's minuet; and I strode eagerly in the direction from whence it came.

The mystery was solved as soon as I reached the corner of the street. There, a little farther up on the other side of the road, sat a man playing the harp. He was sitting comfortably on a stool under one of the street lamps, a music-stand before him and a cloth cap lying on the ground at his feet, strumming away for dear life.

A hundred yards off on the avenue the pubs were just about closing. The customers might well have showered their remaining coins upon him before strolling away to their homes. There were Tube stations too, cinemas, all-night cafés, not far away; but he had to come instead to a deserted street, to play in front of an empty house whose windows were all boarded up, with his cap confidently waiting there beside him.

I began to think poorly of his business sense. I saw him as his own worst enemy. Here is a man, I reflected, who may be no genius but who certainly comes up to the standards of the Musicians' Union. Why is he not in regular, well-paid work? Why is he not, at this very moment, broadcasting? It can only be through some unhappy flaw in his make-up. He isn't practical. He forgets to come to rehearsals, very likely, or if he comes he leaves the harp in a bus.

The musician had completed his minuet and now began very delicately to play the Impromptu by Ravel. I crossed the road and strolled along towards him. He never looked up as I went by, never asked for anything, but just went calmly on playing. As I expected, nobody had put anything in his cap. I went on for about twenty yards and halted. It would be a wonderful thing to put a pound note in this empty cap. It might be a turning-point in the man's career. He might get a shave and a square meal, answer an advertisement, join an orchestra, and be a credit to everyone.

I turned round and went slowly towards him. Then it struck me that a pound might be too much. Since I went to live in a luxury block I have lost all sense of the value of money. He might spend it on drink, or drugs, or take to wild living and give up the harp altogether. As much mischief comes, I thought, by ill-considered acts of charity as by anything else. I went on whittling away at the sum in my mind till



I had got it down to half a crown, and by then I was past him.

Under the next lamp I stopped again and took out the half-crown. Holding it in my hand I slowly retraced my steps to where the musician was playing away as if he were all alone in the world. I was just about to throw it in the cap when a thought came to me and I stopped. Surely I ought to say something? In these rather peculiar circumstances an appreciative word would not be out of place. It would all serve to bolster his self-confidence. Meanwhile I was standing awkwardly beside the man, who seemed quite unaware of my presence. Losing my head for a moment I paced on once more, and once more came to a halt a little way off.

The whole thing was becoming foolish. All I wanted was to show kindness to a needy man and yet, when it came to the point, I could not bring myself to it. A sort of paralyzing shyness came over me. I was thinking too much of myself and the figure I cut, and not enough of the man's delight and relief when he saw the money. I must pull myself together and do what had to be done. I mentally raised the sum to a pound again for the brief space of a moment: then on second thoughts reduced it to half a crown.

I walked back to the musician and, stooping, respectfully placed the coin in his cap. Then in low flurried tones I said: "Thank you very much for the lovely concert."

Swiftly I walked away into the darkness, feeling happy and moved and ridiculous. The man jumped up and came running after me and, smiling, I turned to wave aside his thanks. But with one hand he put the half-crown back in my own and with the other he closed my fingers over it, as he might have done to a child.

"I'm sure you need that more than I do," he said: and going back to his harp he struck up a Chopin waltz.

In the cool night air my cheeks burned with shame. The meaning of his remark was not to be mistaken; it was the courteous formula of the underpaid.

The temptation to slip away as fast as possible was very strong. Yet if I yielded to it I should feel uncomfortable for days on end. I could not leave the business at that, with such a ragged edge. There was only one good and human and honourable thing to do. I took out a pound note from my purse and approached him once again.

"I'm very sorry for my mistake," I said gravely, tendering it. "You were perfectly right to behave as you did."

To my astonishment he sprang up as if I had bitten him.



"Wave your flag, duckie."

"What is this?" he exclaimed. "Who are you? Why on earth don't you go away?"

"But . . . but . . . then what are you doing?" I faltered.

"I'm playing the harp!" he cried bitterly.

"Just . . . just playing it?"

"Just playing it," he confirmed, and all at once his voice became very cool and sweet and patient. "Here it is: you can see for yourself: a harp. And I am playing it. All my cards are on the table. There is nothing I wish to conceal."

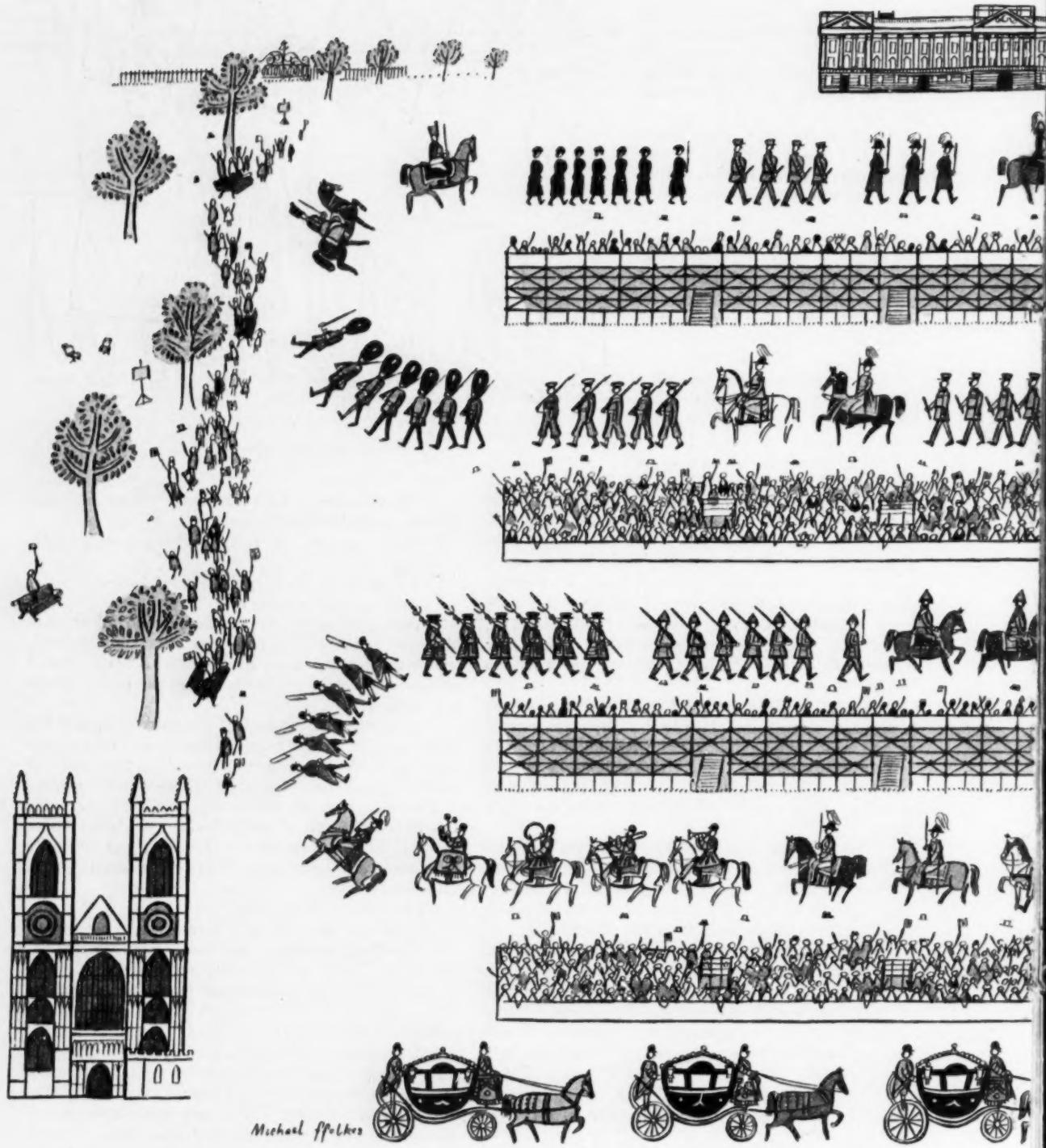
"I should have thought," he proceeded, and his voice now had a just perceptible quiver, "that a man could play his harp without becoming the object of insult. I should have thought so. There is no law against it, I believe. I am not obstructing traffic or threatening the peace. If you actively disliked the sound of a harp, or resented my choice of music, you had only to speak. I do not think I am an unkindly or an unreasonable man."

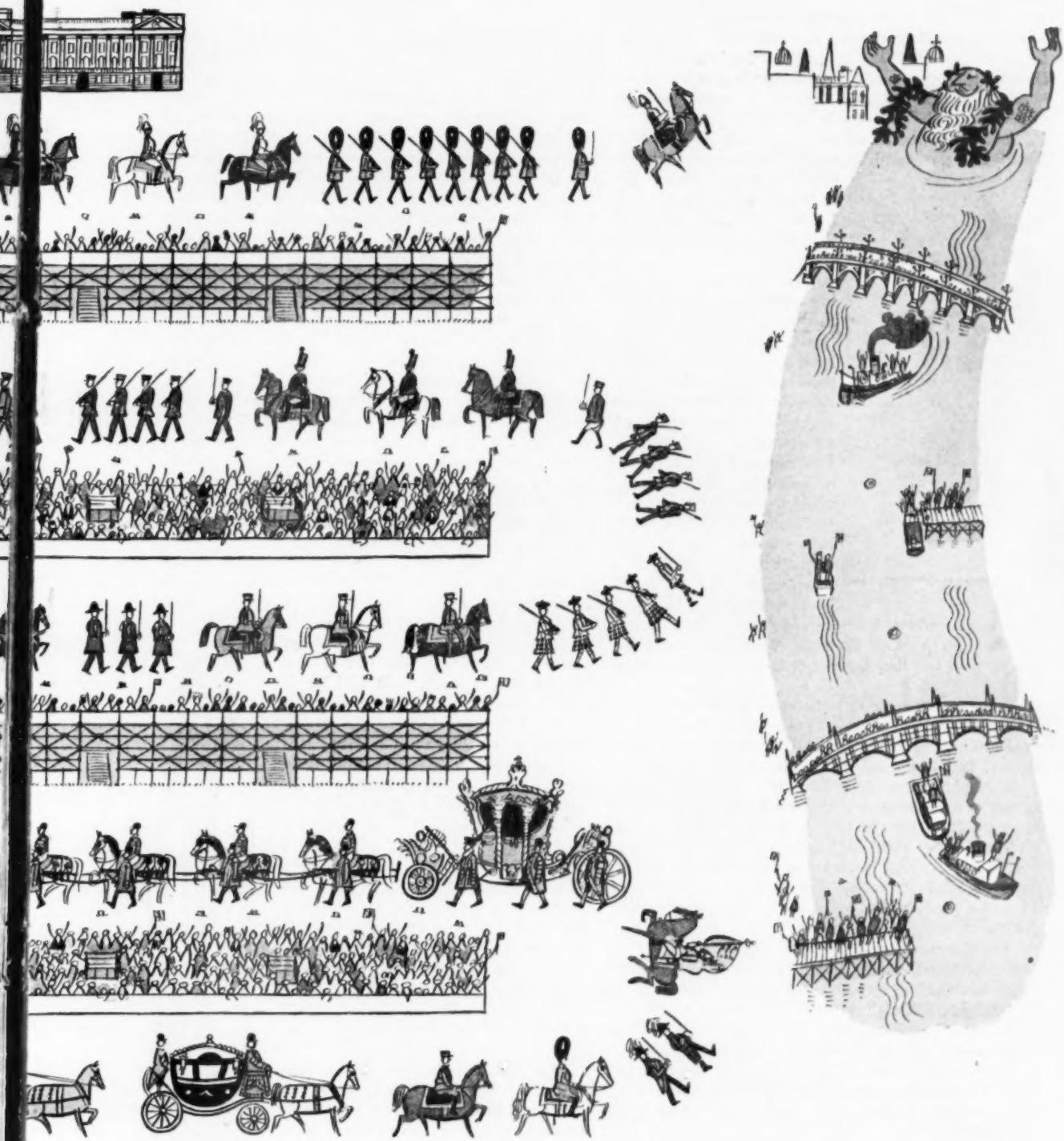
I started to back away.

"And let me tell you something," he roared. "You've been patrolling this beat for twenty minutes and more. Did I construe that unfavourably? Did I leap to the conclusion that you were a street-walker? Yes. But did I say anything? Did I give you the address of a Home? Did I? Did I?"

Then I set out for my luxury block at a stumbling run, with my heart pounding under my ribs. As soon as I was safe inside I fell back into an armchair, holding my head in my hands. The harp was playing an old Spanish air as if nothing could ever ruffle it much. And the moon rode quietly over the London roofs.

HONOR TRACY





**I**N a week like this, only the most madly contemporary mind would not throw an occasional glance at the Past. It would be out of keeping with the current concentration on the festive to make it a very scholarly glance; but the Past, as well as being an Awful Warning and an Inspiration, is a cheerful ragbag, a muddle of oddments like my bookshelves. I can find *some* fact about most parts of history by poking about in my home; the kind of information you need to go to a library for is better left, I feel, for more systematic inquirers and more drably academic times. At the moment it is the jewelled figures of Queens Regnant that catch the unscholarly eye.



BOADICEA

there was some complicated history involving Wills, and the Romans publicly scourged "the British warrior queen" and left her, Cowper tells us, "Bleeding from the Roman rods."

Boadicea, as doughty a champion as British womanhood threw up before Mrs. Pankhurst, took advantage of the Roman commander's absence in Anglesey, where he was Druid-hunting, and burst into revolt, sacking London, St. Albans and Colchester. She was a savage character and the *Oxford History of England*, a hostile source, refuses her the title of National Hero; it also undermines her public by calling her Boudicca. The Romans, of course, rallied and hurriedly converged. Boadicea was not to have it all her own way. As Larousse philosophically remarks, "*Elle fut vaincue à son tour.*"

On the morning of the final battle, according to Miss Strickland, whose *Lives of the Queens of England* hits below the belt by calling her Bodva, "Attended by her daughters she proceeded to a throne of marshy turfs, apparelled in a loose gown of changeable colours, under which she wore a kirtle, very thickly plaited. She bore a light spear in her hand, being of person tall and of a comely, cheerful and modest countenance." This sounds much more amateurish than Mrs. Pankhurst.

Perhaps feminine jealousy has toned down her dramatic qualities. The male historian Hodgkin gives

Boadicea may not have been a Queen of Britain but she was certainly a British Queen. Her tribe, the Iceni, lived in East Anglia and her regal status was a little precarious; unkind neighbours probably referred to her as a Chieftainess. Her husband, Prasutagus, was so uncertain of keeping his family recognized as royal that he made the Roman Emperor, Nero, his co-heir. This did not help much. Nero was not a man to be co-anything for long. When Prasutagus died

a much more exciting account. The Iceni were joined by the Trinovantes, who were smarting over their dis-possession from Colchester. "Boadicea put herself at the head of the maddened confederates . . . Soon there were a hundred thousand or more enraged Britons howling round, not the walls, but the unwalled enclosure of Camulodunum." He quotes a rival pen-picture of the Queen on the morning of the battle: "Tall in stature, hard-visaged and with fiercest eyes: with a rough voice: with an abundance of yellow hair reaching down to her girdle." This sounds much more like the woman to inspire maddened confederates.

The Romans won. They usually did, which is one of the reasons why so much of history is about them. Boadicea committed suicide, though a few spoil-sports said she died of natural causes. In the whole wild story the most enigmatic character (more enigmatic even than Seneca, who gets into it by calling in some loans without notice) is Prasutagus. I see him as a gentle, puzzled man, a little apprehensive of what his wife might do when he had gone, foreseeing no doubt those frontal attacks on enemies with superior morale and unturnable flanks that characterized her widowhood. I know nothing about the characteristics of Mr. Pankhurst but one senses that across the centuries they had something in common.

The Warrior Queen's posthumous reputation has been considerable. In 1758 Glover wrote a tragedy about her (there's the kind of fact that comes from not keeping your bookshelves weeded). In 1902 Thomas Thornycroft's colossal group of Boadicea in her war chariot was erected at the west end of Westminster Bridge. Possibly she appealed to the Victorians because she was a minor royalty. They would have felt it improper for a full-scale or right-down regular Royal Queen to have a career that included public floggings, sackings, battles and suicide. As it was, this transpontine pace of living fitted in quite well with what might be expected of a Sovereign whose domains, instead of being never set on by the sun, stretched only from somewhere south of Norwich to somewhere north of Colchester. An England that prided itself on having settled down had a soft spot for rebel lassies and very nearly called King's Cross "Boadicea's Cross."

Our next female ruler was Matilda-Maud, for whom many a heart of oak has a soft spot. There is a regrettable tendency to confuse this striking woman with others of the same name, partly owing to doubts about what her name



MATILDA

## of Queens

really was. It cannot be too strongly affirmed that she was *sui generis* almost to the limits of propriety.

Her father was Henry I and when she was eight he looked closely at her childish charms and sent her off to Germany where she was groomed to be the consort of the Emperor Henry V. The Germans took to her and were disconsolate when on her husband's death she returned to England, where her father tried to get her accepted as his heir. It is odd that she went down so well abroad because when she came back, alas and alack, she'd a haughty little wrinkle on her brow. One historian refers to her as "the Imperial virago," another as a "niggish old wife." Her second husband, Geoffrey of Anjou, was unpopular with the baronage, and what with one thing and another (the kind of things that are discussed in Constitutional Histories but not in June) when Henry I died, Stephen, the Conqueror's grandson, nipped in and usurped, or as some writers say rightly succeeded to, the throne.

Naturally enough, there was a civil war. At times Matilda-Maud got recognized in sizeable areas; but in civil war nothing is more important than endearing yourself to your own side and this she omitted to do. The friends who helped her met with a harsh refusal when they asked favours. "When they bowed themselves down before her, she did not rise in return." Gradually Stephen gained the lead, though Matilda-Maud, now overseas, mysteriously managed to maintain the impregnability of Wallingford. The feud ended with a sensible agreement that Stephen should reign it out and then be followed by his rival's son, who soon succeeded to the throne as Henry II.

The incidents of the long, confused conflict have attracted a good deal of historical memory. There was the Battle of the Standard, for example, described by Edwin Ellis Griffin in a stirring quatrain:

*King David of Scotland, in eleven thirty-eight,  
For Matilda his niece did the north devastate.  
In the fight near Northallerton his efforts were vain  
And brave Scots round the "Standard" by thousands  
were slain.*

Then there was the Battle of Lincoln, when Stephen was said to have been left alone on the field "grinding his teeth with anger and foaming like a wild boar."



This seems unlikely, as Mrs. Markham says "his deportment was particularly popular and engaging and he had much pleasantries in his conversation." He might have been ruffled by defeat, but manners as good as this stick.

Matilda-Maud's exploits are chiefly remembered as rudeness and ruses. She had a talent for rubbing people up the wrong way, and also for cross-country flight. She got away from the King's troops at Devizes by "personating a corpse, wrapped in grave-clothes and being placed in a coffin, which was bound with cords and borne on the shoulders of her trusty partisans to Gloucester, where she arrived faint and weary." The condition of the partisans is not mentioned. It would be a long walk even without a coffin and one wonders whether they arrived as trusty as when they set out.

At another time, when Stephen happened to be "pursuing the war with the fury of a newly-enfranchised lion," the Empress was besieged in Oxford Castle for three long months. A blizzard provided the opportunity for another of her impersonations, a snowflake. Together with three or four knights, all the party being dressed in white, she was let down from one of the towers by a long rope. Through the driving snow, over the frozen Thames the party passed. "They scampered over hedges and ditches till they

reached Abingdon," where the Empress met her son and was comforted. Miss Strickland ends her account of this episode by remarking: "Thus we see that the sternest natures are accessible to the tender influences of maternal love, powerful in the heart of an empress as in that of a peasant."

Fair play for Matilda-Maud; once Henry II had come to the throne she "settled down to a quiet and virtuous life near Rouen." Perhaps her taxing experiences as a candidate had deflated her desire for royal honours. Her son inherited a good many of her qualities. He never succeeded in living a quiet life near Rouen, but from time to time he was undeniably niggish.

It was a good many strenuous, male years before Britain again had a female ruler, and once settled upon the throne she turned out to be on the niggish side too. Mary I's "person is described as having been very homely and her manner unengaging. She inherited her mother's gravity with her father's violence and obstinate temper." It is only typical of the confusion

that attends all historical research that other authorities should describe her as "not unattractive in person" and having "the undaunted courage that gained her the throne and a certain good-natured joviality that she could use on occasion."

Miss Strickland is mysterious: "The biography presented a task at once the most difficult and dangerous that could fall to the lot of any Englishwoman to perform." After describing how the little Mary played on the virginal to visitors at the age of three, acted in Terence in the original at twelve and "appearing at Greenwich with five of her ladies in Icelandic dresses danced lustily about the hall," she suggests that "she was an historical example of the noxious effect that over-education has at a very tender age."

Certainly in youth, despite her proud championship of her divorced mother against her grim father, she seems to have been a cheerful character. She was a heavy gambler and played bowls for wagers. She was presented with orange-pies by Lady Derby, a further mark, one dimly surmises, of frivolity. "She was a good horsewoman, musical and fond of jewels and pageantry."

To the nineteenth century she was the source of a double *frisson*—as a cruel Catholic who burned Protestants, and as an excuse for using the word "Bloody" to the Governess. Mrs. Markham had no doubts about her. On mounting the throne "she hastened to overturn the goodly fabrie of the Reformation . . . To deter the people from rising in rebellion at these repressions she caused many of the most considerable gentry to be imprisoned, and adopted the Spanish custom of having them seized in the night, and carried off, muffled and hood winked." Her summing up is awesome: "Neither Arts, manufactures nor commerce flourished in this gloomy reign; and the only thing I can find to remark in it is that the Czar of Muscovy sent an embassy to England."

Mary had always felt more Spanish than English, and the great moment of her life was her marriage in Winchester Cathedral to her kinsman Philip of Spain. "Faire ladyes and the moste beutifull nymphes of England" were in attendance. She was very much in love with her grim husband, but all he cared about was bringing England in to close the encirclement of France and driving the heretics back to obedience to the Pope. However much her savage methods of propagating the Faith may dim her renown, she deserves some pity for her neglect by Philip and remains the most famous grass-widow since Penelope. Her devotion to her husband separated her from her people, who were little softened by the twenty cartloads of Spanish gold that were drawn with ceremony through the streets of London soon after the wedding. There were reports of a plot to kill her as she walked in St. James's Park, by means of a burning-glass fixed on the leads of a neighbouring house.

Embroiled abroad, hated at home, it is no wonder that her short reign ended miserably, although her financial administration has apparently caused



comment among economic historians by its attempt to balance revenue and expenditure. Miss Strickland argues that Mary was too ill for most of her reign to bear the responsibility for the religious persecution, and Miss Strickland, I have found rather to my surprise as I have dipped into her, is a formidable historian. However, she has no excuses for Philip: "his complexion was cane-coloured, with a gloomy expression of face, which is peculiarly odious in a person of a very light complexion." When Mary died, "all the churches in London did ring, and at night men did make bonfires and set tables in the street, and did eat and drink, and made merry for the new Queen."

And what a Queen! Elizabeth I made a career of Queenship. John Richard Green says, "Of political wisdom indeed, in its larger and more generous sense, Elizabeth had little or none; but her political tact was unerring." He also refers in hostile terms to "the love of anagrams that sullied her later years," but then he was a clergyman and only too apt to apply rather

clerical standards to historical characters. Elizabeth knew how to make herself loved, both by the people—"Her spectators were not very advanced in civilization and she dexterously adapted her style of performance to their appreciation"—and by her servants, who saw the rages that were hidden from the public and yet never let her down.

Mrs. Markham has two mysterious comments on her regality. The Grand Signior of Turkey called her "a comfortable cloud of rain," and Elizabeth "thought there was something royal and stately in loud noises." The *Oxford History of England* calls her mind a calculating machine and, rather contradictorily, says, "she ripened too quickly to preserve that balance between emotion and restraint which is the glory of true womanhood."

Her French accent was bad and, like her sister, she was near-sighted. Red-haired and later red-wigged, she was not beautiful, but the vivacity and character of her face make it one of the best remembered faces in history. All writers agree on her coolness, sometimes visible in a closely reasoned State paper or a swift turn of policy in a crisis, sometimes masked by railing or raillery. "Like the ships in her navy, she owed much of her success to the nearness with which she could sail to the wind." Taking over a second-rate power, she not only escaped from the jaws of Spain without falling into the paws of France, but ended her forty-five years' stewardship with the country vastly happier, stronger and ready to go all the places there might be. The poet Griffin comments:

*The East India Company a charter obtained  
From Elizabeth the Queen, in the year sixteen hundred :  
And from one little factory, step by step, we have gain'd  
An Empire so vast that the whole world has wondered.*

Elizabeth was coldly crafty and savagely courageous, both lioness and vixen. Her gloves were of the very best velvet and she knew how to clothe finesse with pomp and make a little mercy linger longer in the folk-memory than great ruthlessness. Her people seem to have enjoyed living under her sway, though it was a nerve-racking and precarious enjoyment.

The next Queen to rule was our only joint-sovereign, the Mary of William-and-Mary. The popular picture of her (misleading as popular pictures so often are) is of a charitable, self-effacing, amiable woman whose pleasant, English ways did something to smooth down plumes ruffled by William's sullenness. Mrs. Markham says "Nothing enlivened William but the animation of a battle"; perhaps he would have been more popular if there had been a civil war to show him to his subjects at his best.

In fact, Mary took after her

father; she was a real Stuart. When she came to the throne she was tall, slender and graceful, with a clear complexion, almond-shaped dark eyes, dark hair and an elegant outline of features. She had a fine speaking voice and, while nothing like Elizabeth intellectually, she had read a good deal and enjoyed talking to intelligent people and reviewing artillery. She had been taught drawing by two married dwarfs, and was fond of needlework, setting a fashion of knotting fringes.

Miss Strickland, who dislikes but respects her, finds her knotting almost more exceptionable than her gluttony and Sunday card-playing. She was only twenty-six when she came to the throne, and in the few years of her reign she seems to have degenerated. She got heavy and wearingly prattlesome. There were many crude jokes about the amount of space she took up and the need for ever larger thrones.

Miss Strickland points out that as William was abroad so much Mary was, in fact, ruling for most of her reign and nobody criticized her as incompetent, though they sometimes criticized her for officiousness; she had constables stationed at street-corners to capture all puddings and pies on their way to the bakers' ovens on Sundays and, until she could be persuaded to withdraw them, many a father had to battle for his dinner.

Mary was popular with the public, though those who observed her closely were disturbed by her lack of filial feeling. It was one thing to help her husband push her father off the throne; it was quite another to dart straight into the palace when he had gone and rush round turning up quilts to examine beds with all the eager gaiety of a housewife who has just come into an unexpected legacy. For once, the legend is less vivid than the reality.

If Mary was a Stuart, her sister Anne was a Hyde. She was a large, greedy, obstinate, stupid woman, who died from a surfeit of black-heart cherries. The stories that she was always gently tiddly on spirits drunk from a teapot may not be true. They do not accord with the equally unflattering stories that she hunted violently in midsummer, causing a good deal of damage to the harvest. She had none of her sister's desire to use her mind and none of her public allure. The *Oxford History of England*, in yet one more ungallant volume, says "Her homely figure, still familiar in the statuary of provincial market squares, though not very queenly was an excellent rallying-point for



the prejudiced but sound and sober England to which she belonged." After this the unchivalrous author continues, "She had neither the knowledge nor the ability to understand and direct high politics."

Dr. Trevelyan is much more favourable, though even he cannot give that unhealthy, plump, sentimental figure any of the queenliness of her sister. However, the picture he draws is of a woman whose very ordinariness gave her a flair for knowing what the ordinary people were thinking. The poet Griffin seems a bit cagey about Anne's merits as a ruler:

*We've not had many  
English queens,  
And Anne was one of  
the few,  
Who, last of all the Stuart  
line,  
Succeeded, seventeen  
two.*

Yet, despite Anne's lack of glamour, she did succeed in presiding over one of our better periods, in which Marlborough's wars may appeal to some tastes, the peaceful Union of England and Scotland to others. Mrs. Markham refers in glowing terms to the literature of the reign: "Pope, Steele and Addison perhaps did more towards the improvement of the general style of thinking and writing than has been done by any other writers," a comprehensive claim. Nor does she neglect science. Little Richard remarks, in one of the conversations that diversify the narrative, "Ah, mama, I have heard of Sir Isaac Newton and I should like, when I am a man, to be just such another." War, politics, literature, science—it was a reign in which the British showed considerable versatility.

Our last Queen, before we emerge from history into the nearer radiance of the present, is Victoria. She seems so close that it is a shock to realize she is now six reigns away. Many, though very far from most, of the present population have lived during her reign, and biographies, literary and dramatic, have kept her fame alive. She reigned so long and so many important and amusing and useful things happened while she was on the throne that more legends have grown up round her than round Boadicea.

"Like Henry II and Henry VIII she had blue-grey eyes and a reddish complexion." She was under five feet in height, a good horsewoman with a good voice and good health, though by middle age she was paying far too much attention to it. Her first name, by the way, was Alexandrina and for a short time there was a possibility that she might be known by the double name. She began as a "gay, self-willed little Whig,"

but marriage sobered her. To the end of her life she sometimes surprised people by outbursts of unexpected fun; but on the whole she grew steadily away from the Regency revival of the Tudor tradition that one of the functions of the Monarchy was to enliven the nation.

Victoria was a great worker and always learning. Her Ministers came in time to evade her prejudices and take advantage of her knowledge. Few of our rulers have known so much of the detail of the job. She had a shrewd though unintellectual judgment. Perhaps after all the adulation that was poured on her in an age

that was devoted to gush, and all the criticisms that have been made of her in an age devoted to debunking, the best summing up is Mr. G. M. Young's simple and surprising "Victoria was no fool."

Her sixty-three years bulged with as much history as would have filled three centuries in more leisurely days. There was a coruscation of poetry, a fizz of philosophy, a crescendo of colonization and a surge and swirl of life that was sometimes brutal and sometimes insensitive yet never stagnant.

Looking back over our Queens they seem to have variegated our national history agreeably. Some have been admirable, one or two tending towards the niggish. Not one of them has been dull.

R. G. G. PRICE



VICTORIA

history agreeably. Some have been admirable, one or two tending towards the niggish. Not one of them has been dull.

## &      &

## LONDON

LONDON is one thing to the man who dwells  
In her, another to the passer-through,  
A third to stripling youths who see her new,  
Splendid with sooty spires and bright with  
bells.  
She has strange secrets that she slowly tells,  
Swift miracles that are perceived by few;  
She mingles nectar with a witches' brew,  
A hundred heavens with a hundred hells.

Walking through Westminster, that shrine of  
Kings,  
That web of history, that womb of Law,  
I met a man from Colorado Springs,  
The camera slung below his moving jaw:  
Both of us looking on the selfsame things,  
But neither seeing what the other saw.

R. P. LISTER

## STRANGER THAN SCIENCE FICTION

**S**CIENTISTS who are beguiled into diabolical invention by the forecasts of science fiction are simply going to be disappointed. In the old-fashioned, unscientific story they were rightly discouraged: thrust by gangs into attics overlooking the marshes, with nothing to eat but an occasional small notebook or secret formula if they were lucky, they usually died ironically by the agency of their own invention after being driven insane or, if they were insane already, more insane. It was no life at all for a man who had to spend years in unrewarding study before he could even sit for his B.Sc.

Science fiction tells a more enticing story. It is now the bystanders who suffer rather than the scientist, who is in command from first to last. A glittering company of plant men, flying men, interplanetary dictators and (a throw-back to an earlier type) blondes share his exciting life. The weeks frequently last a fortnight. Over all plays the sinister light of phosphorescent gases flickering in a laboratory in the Venusian dusk.

Authors have not got it quite right yet, though; they have somehow missed reality. Let us take a typical scientist of the planet Earth who has, after a long struggle, invented a heat ray. It is a Tuesday and his wife is anxious to get to the village and get the shopping done because it is early closing. She has not read any science fiction. He clomps into the house to tell her the news.

"Darling, I've invented a heat ray."

"A what, dear? Martin, what on earth have you been doing out in the shed all the morning?"

"I told you. I've invented a heat ray. *The Heat Ray!*"

"Oh, Martin, I've got to go to the village. If the baker comes—"

"No, no, no, no!"

"How do you mean?"

"Darling, don't you realize—this is—I've been working for years—a Heat Ray! Nobody's ever—"

"Oh, I'm sorry dear. Something useful, is it?"

"No, no, no—not useful!"  
"Well, what—"  
"Never mind. Never mind now."

"Well, there's no need to get huffy about it."

"It doesn't matter."

"You *did* say you'd do my electric iron for me—"

He goes back to the shed. "A Vienna and a small brown!" his wife shouts after him, and he memorizes the words in spite of himself; in the shed they ring idiotically in his ears. The shed, he notices gradually, is decrepit and dusty; in the grey suburban light the contrast between the far-fetched tangle of wires in his apparatus and the lawn-mower standing sturdily and realistically in the corner grows oppressive. He decides to go up to town before the baker comes and have lunch at his club, leaving a note for his wife.

London improves his temper, and after lunch he meets a friend in the smoking room. Seeing a science fiction magazine sticking out of the man's pocket, he cannot resist dropping a hint. "Ever thought of the possibilities of a heat ray?" he says casually, when he has led the conversation up to it. His friend looks at him a little blankly. "Oh, of course, I see what you mean," he says, after a pause. "Police work. Or colonizing and so on. Useful for showing the flag, of course, if you don't want to do too much damage."

"No, a heat ray. Thought perhaps you might have read about them. You know—"

"Certainly, I remember them. Wells's Martians used them. Useful enough as a personal weapon, of course, in certain atmospheres—"

"Certain atmospheres?"

"But nowadays you'd never get close enough really, would you? With these mind controls and galactic disintegrator beams, I mean."

"No, you don't understand. I mean—suppose they really invented one? I've heard rumours—"

"Really? Vaporizes 'em instantaneously, does it?"



"Vaporize? No. It'd give you pretty bad burns."

"Oh, naturally I mean at fairly close ranges. Inter-continental, say. It does bend, I suppose? It's not much use if it doesn't bend."

"Bend?"

"To allow for the curvature of the earth. Otherwise how are you going to catch an army equipped with rocket ships? But in any case no heat ray can live against a good reflector beam system, you know. Simply bounces off."

"It does?"

"Oh, yes. Haven't you read *Death of Planet I?* The—"

But five minutes of this will probably be enough for Martin. He will get more later, for this, surely, is the reality that diabolical inventors have to face. Would any body care to write some science fiction about an inventor who concentrated on some kind of fairly harmless pill?

R. L. NICHOLSON

### East-West Relations: a Relapse

"Most of Moscow's newspapers give prominence to the editorial comments . . . on *Pravda's* leading article, and interpret these comments to mean that the door is now open for talks between Russia and the big Powers."—*The Times*

## The Road to Rome

**H**IIS new toy, the Long Player, had just reached the end of the Horn Concerto. Ronald Pavely gave it a loving look as he switched it off.

Earlier in the day, when it had first arrived, he had thought of asking Prosper Gundry round after dinner; now, however, he thought not.

Besides he had just remembered that next Saturday was Derby Day. Horses were not among his interests, far from it, but Derby Day was always very close to his birthday—once it had been on the day itself—and thinking of his birthday reminded him that he had not yet placed his annual bet. The last two years, much to the annoyance of Prosper, who thought he knew quite a lot about racing, Ronald had backed the winner.

He now turned over his paper to the page with the probable starters and jockeys, shut his eyes, and his fingers hovered with his pencil in the air. This was the method that had showed up the unsuspected prowess of Arctic Prince in 1951 and picked out Tulyar last year. Perhaps it was too much to hope for a third win in succession, but the opportune arrival that morning of a cheque for that lecture in Dublin on Tintoretto tempted him to quadruple his stake. Nevertheless, nervous of finally committing himself, he was still making mysterious passes with his pencil over the paper when the telephone rang.

"Ronald, this is me—Prosper. The most extraordinary thing has happened, the music critic of the *Sunday Speaker* has been taken ill and they want me to go to Rome for a month."

"Lucky, lucky you."

"You don't understand. The chap who was going was married and had booked two seats. I want you to come with me."

"My dear chap, I can't possibly."

"Why not? You were saying



only the other night how you longed to be in Rome. Here's your chance."

"I'm much too broke for one thing."

"The journey'll cost you nothing and we'll stay with Tino Gaborini."

Ronald tried to sound casual. "What are they doing?" he asked.

"Oh, lots of modern stuff and all your old favourites." He knew all Ronald's likes and dislikes and with careful omission, exaggeration, and even downright lies, he managed to lay before his friend the irresistible pageant of music. He ended with the carrot, "Three Monteverdi concerts, and they're hoping to get Ezio Pinza as the Don."

"Pinza? How extraordinary. Isn't there a horse in the Derby called Pinza? When you rang up I was just making my selection."

"Using the famous Ronald Pavely Pin Method, I suppose," said Prosper contemptuously.

"Well, it didn't work out too badly last year. Do you remember?"

"Can I ever forget! But, seriously, Pinza has got an outstanding chance."

"Is he called after the singer?"

"Of course—he's by Chanteur, a good horse, who came from France

to win the Coronation Cup over the Derby course; you need the French blood these days." Prosper rather fancied himself on his knowledge of breeding.

"And his"—Ronald hesitated to say dam, it sounded too professional—"mother?"

"She was by Donatello, a terrific Italian stayer. I saw him win the Grand Prix in Paris."

"Sounds too good to be true. Hold on, I'm going to do the Pavely Pin Method." After a pause. "Gosh! How extraordinary, it's come down on Pinza."

"Well, you'll have to back it now."

"I suppose so," Ronald said gloomily. "Anyway, you'll come round here and hear the broadcast."

"Love to. And you'll come to Rome if Pinza wins."

"It won't. All the same," continued Ronald, "when you come you might bring round my Baedeker's Central Italy; that is, if you haven't lost it. Possibly, in certain circumstances," Ronald said in his most guarded manner, "we might consult it—after the race, that is."

GIDEON TODE

The New Elizabethans

**The Goldwyn Fathers**



Freedom on British soil (they hoped) attended  
The pilgrims when they boldly sailed away  
(Soon after Gloriana's reign was ended)  
Beyond the Bishops' mortifying sway.

Though not so British, friendship's still extended  
To those who seek their fortune there to-day.  
To have been born an Englishman is splendid—  
But so is living in the U.S.A.

B. A. Y.

## Civil Service Free-for-All

SOMEWHERE in Whitehall there exist nineteen established and two unestablished Psychologists, seventeen established and three unestablished Senior Psychologists, and eleven established and three unestablished Principal Psychologists. The capital letters are theirs. It might be imagined that so large a recumbence of psychologists would be difficult to hide from select committees on estimates, yet their presence on the payroll was quite unsuspected by the world at large until they recently paraded before the Civil Service Arbitration Tribunal to put in for a rise. (The psychologists proper got away with it: their seniors and principals—well, better luck next time.)

A study of the claims made by four other groups at about the same time—driving examiners, Post Office cleaners, examining staff in the Estate Duty Office of the Board of Inland Revenue, and some quas-naval persons at the Admiralty—shows that it is customary when going before a tribunal to dwell upon the work done and upon the astonishing degree of competence required to do it. The driving

examiners, as we shall see, set great store by the moral probity of their calling. The Post Office cleaners, though it availed them nothing, left scarcely a cobweb unnoticed and numbered “stoking duties in respect of heating apparatus,” the threading of lead seals, and the changing of water in fire-buckets among the many extra-curricular duties they were called upon to perform. But not so the psychologists.

Nowhere in the claim, as published by the Stationery Office, do the psychologists betray the secret of what they do, to whom they do it, or what effect it is all having on through-take and morale. (One effect, surely, should be to integrate the individual personality with the economic behaviour-patterns of the group, thus keeping down pay claims. But no matter.) Even conceding that the Senior Psychologists fix the days off and settle disputes, thereby meritting a differential of £275, the Principal Psychologists are still unaccounted for. Perhaps the tribunal was too polite to ask. At all events the psychologists argued solely for parity with another unknown quantity, the Professional Works Group.

A second conclusion forced upon anybody reading these documents is that the several groups were arguing not only with a recalcitrant Chancellor but also among themselves for a bigger share of the national cake. The result was somewhat confusing. It will be noted, incidentally, that, in so far as appeals before tribunals admit of any such dichotomy, the psychologists can be said to have adopted the classical, and the driving examiners the romantic, approach.

“In September, 1948, the Treasury was informed . . .”

“Understanding,” said the examiners, “and a keen perception of human beings.”

“In October, 1948,” as the psychologists were saying, “the Institution indicated . . .”

“Knowledge,” said the examiners, “and skill, combined with peculiar personal qualities.”

“By August, 1951, the position was sufficiently clear . . .”

“A considerable degree,” said the examiners, “of understanding, tact, and firmness in dealing with an infinite variety of people.”

“In November, 1951, discussion took place . . .”

“Patience,” said the examiners, “tact, sound judgment and initiative.”

“In March, 1952, the Treasury reaffirmed . . .”

“Care,” said the examiners, “and attention to detail.”

“In March, 1952, the Institution indicated . . .”

“Tact,” said the examiners, “patience and vigilance.”

“Terms of reference were agreed to in December, 1952.”

It says much for the loyalty of the Chancellor that although he fought the psychologists for all he was worth he never gave their game away. True, he admitted that “The Works Group of Classes were all connected in some degree with what were commonly termed ‘works’ activities, and Psychologists were far removed from these.” But this is as far as he would go, and not all the sofas of Switzerland



“See us waving . . .?”

could have induced him to say more.

The Minister of Transport and the Postmaster-General are much less appreciative:—

"The field within which an Examiner was called upon to exercise his discretion was very limited." "Examiners had, perhaps, a particular responsibility for public safety, but it was no more than the exercise of their judgment following the guidance and under the supervision given them." "It was recognized that some of the work of Male Cleaners in the Post Office was disagreeable, but as a whole it appeared to be no different in kind from the work of cleaners employed by other concerns."

The Estate Duty officers' claim was remarkable chiefly in that it confirmed what we have always known about the Civil Service—that Assistant Examiners are "subject to full supervision," that the Examiner "was no longer supervised but had the right to consult a Senior Examiner . . . The Senior Examiner had the right to consult a Chief Examiner . . . Chief Examiners could consult an Assistant Controller . . ." But before this promising train of thought could be carried to Cabinet level the proceedings were interrupted by the arrival of the Superintendent of Dockyard Installations and the five Engineer Assistants to the Director of Dockyards, Admiralty. They had come to the conclusion that the matter was one of reorganization. One of them, it turned out, was responsible to the Assistant Director (Engineering) at Bath.

The Superintendent and his men got about half of what they wanted, the tax-gatherers a very little, and the driving examiners nothing at all. One feels sorry that the examiners failed to impress the tribunal, but they have only themselves to blame. All they needed, as any established psychologist could have told them, was patience, knowledge, skill, vigilance, sound judgment, initiative, a keen perception of human beings, and considerable degree of understanding, tact, and firmness in dealing with an infinite variety of people.

G. D. TAYLOR



"*You are sure this is the route, aren't you?*"

### CORONATION FANTASIA FOR HORMS

**C**OUNTRY cousin, here I stand,  
Hesitating in the Strand;  
By my side, to seize their chance,  
Lining up before the dance,  
Londoners and strangers wait  
Till the wheeled and fuming spate  
Shows us just a little pity . . .  
*Here we stand gathering friends to cross  
Over a street in the city.*

*Who shall we choose to lead the way,  
Force a breach?  
Shy little man or typist gay,  
Mother of two with a hand for each?  
We'll follow this chap with the cheerful face,*

The bowler hat and the bulging case:  
He knows his way around the place  
And across the streets of the city.

*Who will they choose to beat us to it,  
The other side?  
They've a Flight-Lieutenant who's likely to do it,  
Big-moustached and eagle-eyed,  
With a lady-friend remarkably pretty . . .  
The Bowler's bobbing about in the tide!  
After him, everyone! Follow him through it,  
Over the streets of the city!*

D. MATTAM

## A SORT OF COLLABORATORS

*From the minutes of a meeting in a small back room, after the publication of Nigel Balchin's "Sundry Creditors"*

MICHAEL STERNDALE said: "That's settled then. I write it." He watched his hand as it made the tick against his name, and then leaned back, looking round the table. "The next thing is the protagonist."

Several heads came up at this. Stanley Griffwade said: "Protagonist? That's a word's liable to cause argument. There's people dislike that word."

"I have no enthusiasm for it myself," said Sterndale, sighing. "But that's hardly the point."

"Exactly," said George Melrose. "Chairman didn't mean—aren't I right, Mr. Chairman?—using the word in the book, like. This is all preliminary."

Sterndale said: "I have no objection to calling him the principal character, if you wish."

"Anything for a quiet life," Oliver Hanstone said in a low voice.

Sterndale felt his lips tighten, but all he said was: "Well, has anyone a suggestion?"

After a long pause Miss Overby spoke, not looking at anybody. She said: "Well—we know the qualifications he's got to have, don't we?"

"Qualifications?" said Melrose.

"Characteristics, I mean. What he's like. Youngish, active, with a sort of, oh, I don't know, *bitterness* underneath, but always saying smart, rather sarcastic things, and that secret—well—unhappiness . . ."

Hanstone was smiling slightly. George Melrose said, honestly puzzled: "What's he got to be like that for?"

"The women go for it, old boy," Hanstone said smoothly. "Hamlet and all that stuff. You can get away with murder."



*"Well, I can manage the red and white,  
but I don't know about the blue."*

Sterndale said: "I sometimes think of trying." He glanced at Hanstone and looked away again. "Well then—those are the qualifications. Who fits them?"

There was a silence. After a little Leila looked up and gave him a fleeting smile, but immediately turned her head towards Hanstone. Then Sir Joseph said: "No use wasting time, my boy. It's obvious who fits them."

Sterndale realized that they were now all staring at him. He said: "Do you mean me?"

"Don't tempt me to quote *Julius Caesar*," said Hanstone, fiddling with his pencil.

Miss Overby said: "Why, of course, Mr. Sterndale. You're just the one. And—" She gave a quick, embarrassed glance at Leila. "Well, I mean—another qualification is the beautiful wife . . ."

"With whom," Hanstone said, "our hero is on terms of uneasy affection, only half disguised by flippant talk . . ."

"And there you are," Miss Overby said in a conclusive tone. "That—that fits you too." She looked again quickly at Leila, anxious not to be thought rude.

Sterndale spread out his hands. "All right," he said. "But you do realize, don't you, that this means first-person narrative . . ."

Hanstone said: "I admit I hadn't seen how even our gifted Chairman could get round it otherwise."

"Which means," said Sterndale, putting an edge on his voice, "that we do without all interior monologue except mine. That might get wearisome."

Hanstone said: "It might indeed."

Sir Joseph brought his hand down with a slap on the table. "Very well," he said rather sharply. "Now me, I can't stay here all night. What's next?"

"The next thing is choice of theme," said Sterndale,





*"I wonder if you would mind lending me your flag for a minute?"*

looking at Leila's averted face. God, she was lovely. "Which involves also choice of location and circumstances."

"Well we know all about them, isn't that right?" said Griffwade. "Got to be some sort of set-up with meetings. People round a table, like this. What they call clash of personalities."

Hanstone said: "Unrivalled method of conveying currents of veiled animosity. Besides, it puts no strain on the reader. Or the writer." He glanced at Sterndale, smiling slightly. "The simplest minds can grasp the idea of people sitting round a table and getting exasperated with each other. Practically nothing but dialogue needed."

Miss Overby looked troubled. "But it mustn't be *all* meetings. We've got to get in some other scenes . . ."

"Lord, yes," said Hanstone, smiling down at his writing-pad. "The romantic interchanges. The girl is loving and the man is bitter and they talk in off-hand flippancies, and the reader eats it up. I eat it up myself, I have to admit, it's so readably done; but I don't kid myself it's more than an English version of old-style Hemingway. Basically sentimental."

Sterndale said: "Luckily the general reader has a rather less lofty standard of intelligence." He knew he was being pompous, but it seemed impossible to be anything else. He touched his glass of water; slight as the movement was, Hanstone noticed it.

"Ah, that reminds me," Hanstone said. "Another important qualification—drinking too much. All very dramatic and dashing. I suppose our Chairman can manage that too?"

Sterndale tried to catch Leila's eye, but she was being unfaithful again.

RICHARD MALLETT

2 2

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## OUT OF THE DEPTHS

MY graveyard garden, cemetery of hopes,  
Of dreams long-wintered but achieved none,  
I look at you and think, of all the dopes,  
I'm Number One.

I gaze on each unpopulated bed  
Or peopled, if it be, with alien buds,  
And ever and again or mourn the dead  
Or curse the duds.

Not that no decked memorials stand to show  
The rainbow phantasy that limned each plot;  
Colour is there, where colour was meant to grow—  
But strictly what?

Row upon row they stand, the rude cleft sticks;  
Each bears a packet blazoning a lie;  
Its promise primal, its performance nix—  
All, all my eye.

Brilliantly fecund gouts of Golden Rod,  
Lashings of Larkspur, phalanxes of Phlox—  
Each there, each painted picture; while the sod  
Emptily mocks.

This scarlet portrait came up Brussels sprouts;  
This shows low Violas—now six feet tall;  
Here gaudy ikons mark dull sauerkrauts,  
Others damn-all.

I sometimes think that never blows so red  
The bloom as where the packet showed it blue;  
That every single word the seedsman said  
Was ballyhoo.

I sometimes think—this is a marked advance—  
That in the end experience may teach  
And that next season I shall buy young plants  
At threepence each.

JUSTIN RICHARDSON

## MY MOMMA DONE TOL' ME

**M**Y mother wrote and said she was furious but she and my father would be away for the first week-end of my holiday at home. It made her mad to think of it. They were going to stay with Mr. and Mrs. Jawe and my mother had had no idea it was the week I was coming; if she had, she would have known.

And there was no way out of it—I would simply have to look after myself somehow. She would get plenty of food for me and she would put it where I could find it. The meat would be in the meat safe. The meat safe was in the pantry where it had always been. She would cook the meat before she went and I could have it cold with salad so I wouldn't have to do any cooking. I mustn't re-heat it because of the food poisoning in the papers. She would buy a lettuce and wash it for me and put it in a saucepan with a lid on it and a note saying "lettuce."

The potatoes would be in the potato drawer and all I had to do was peel them. The knife was in the little right-hand drawer in the dresser with the corkscrew and the daffodil bulbs my father forgot to plant. My mother was just going

to leave them there and she simply wasn't going to say *one more word* to my father, not one. She didn't know whether I would prefer to use a potato peeler, but she hadn't got one. The daffodil bulbs weren't onions.

There were plenty of eggs and she would tell the milkman to leave a pint of milk each day. I must drink it. She would order bread for me but I would have to collect it, and there would be a small loaf waiting for me in the deep right-hand drawer in the kitchen cabinet. That's where she kept it. She would get some biscuits and the ones that wouldn't go in the biscuit barrel would be in the bread tin on top of the drawers that the potato drawer was in. There would be some cake in the biscuit tin.

She would get a few tins of stuff like spaghetti and baked beans, and the tin opener was in the drawer with the corkscrew and the daffodil bulbs. If I cut myself there were dressings in the medicine chest in the bathroom but I mustn't throw everything round the floor. I must eat the oranges.

I had better go out for a meal in the evenings to get something hot and she would bet her bottom



dollar I would have spaghetti or baked beans.

Well, that was all she could think of for now. But I mustn't worry, because she would think of everything else in time and would, of course, write again.

I dare say she will, too.

MARJORIE RIDDELL

• •

### Crime Wave, Latest

"Miss Evans was attacked by this telegraph pole at the junction of Kingsley Road and St. Paul's Road."

News picture caption



"Morning, my Lord—that'll be ninepence."

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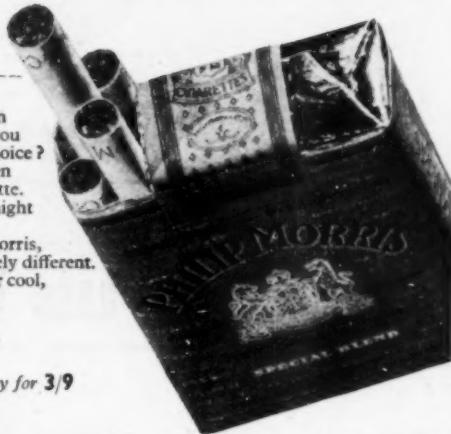
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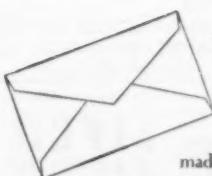
But his companions, by the time they reach Oxford Street (twelve minutes, brewery dray wedged

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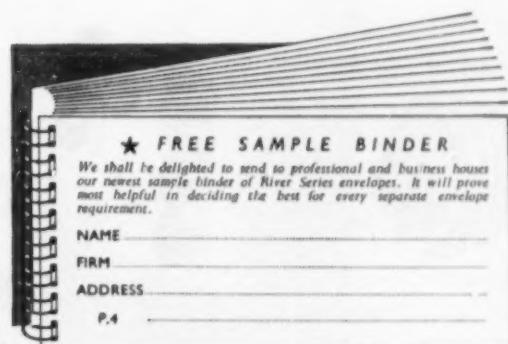


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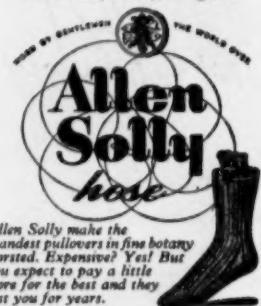




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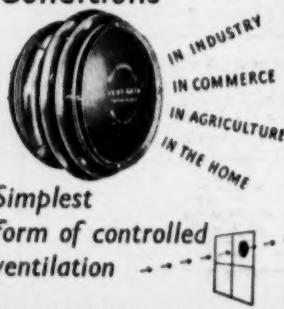
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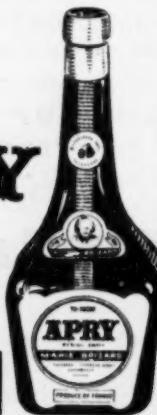


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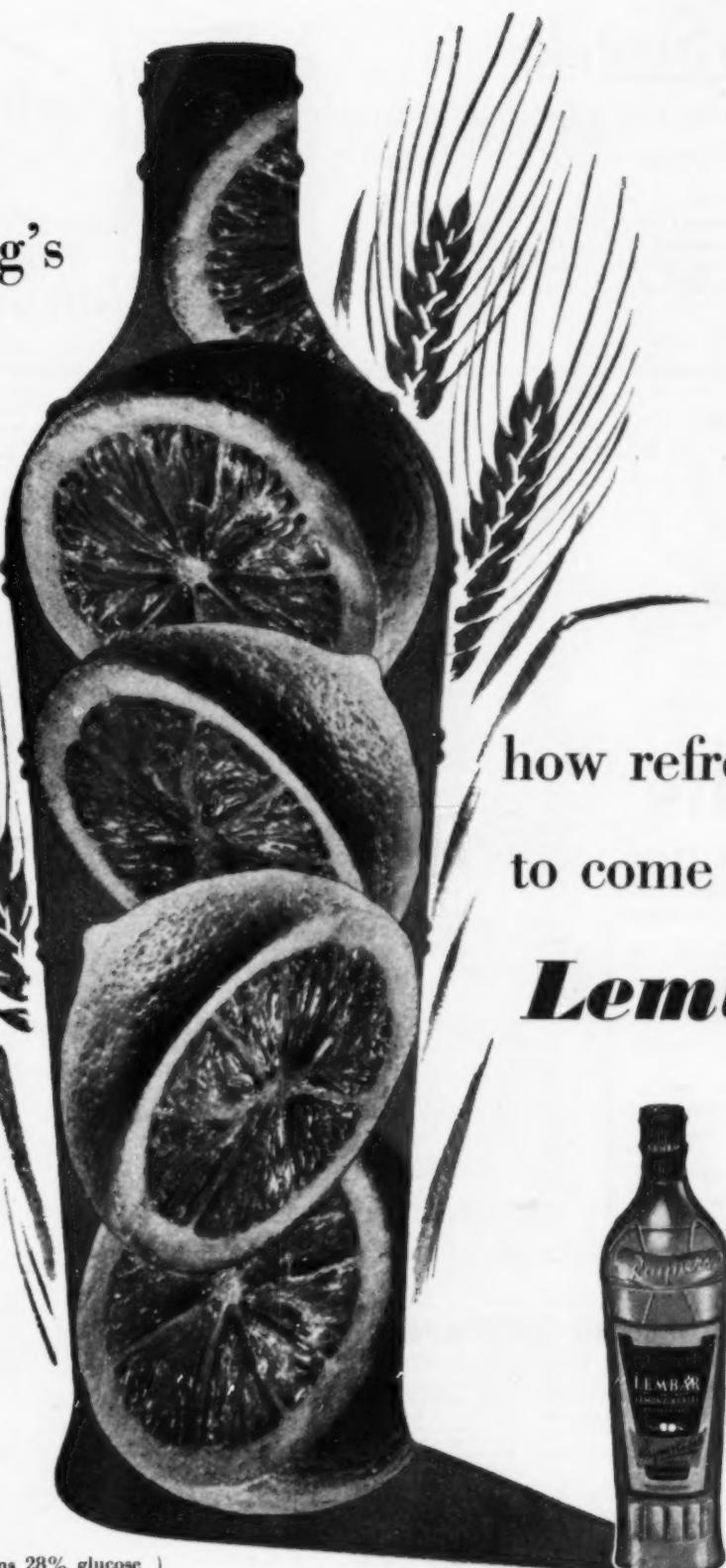
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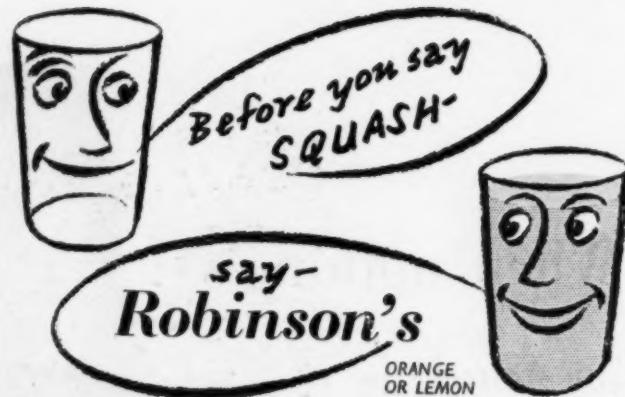
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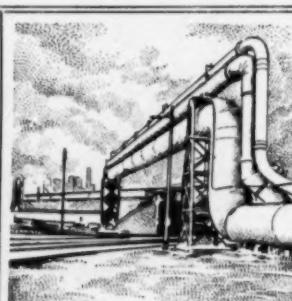
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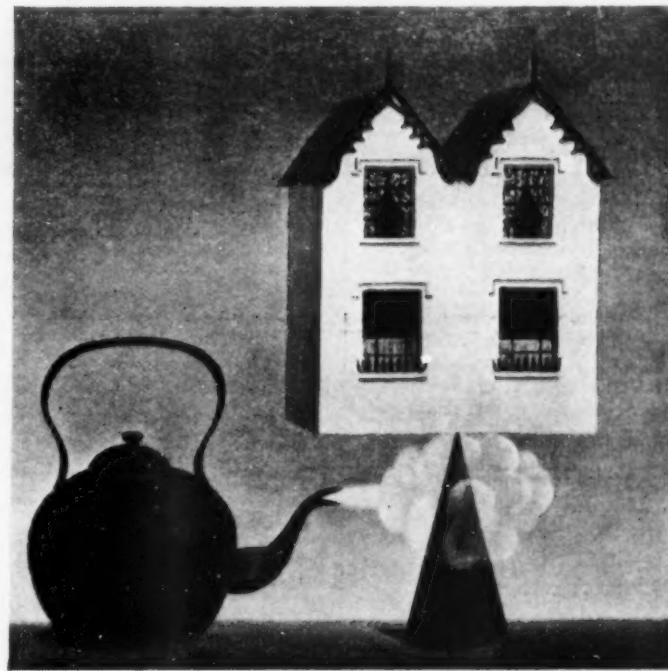
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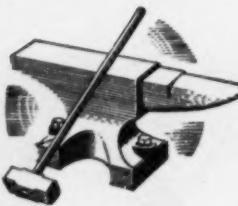
5 inches in diameter, would have to withstand temperatures close to the boiling point of water and a pressure of 4 tons per square inch. I.C.I. Nobel Division in Glasgow were given the facts and special explosives and blasting equipment were developed and sent out to Pakistan. These were assembled and placed in the borehole, under the

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Regulated movement calls for endless feats of balance, but we pride ourselves on constant versatility. Springs are the balancing force of this mechanical age, and for over fifty years our springs and pressings have maintained a high standard of performance in the mechanical field. Beyond this, we are always ready to design and manufacture a new spring for a new function.

## THE TEMPERED SPRING

COMPANY



LIMITED

Warren St.

Sheffield 4

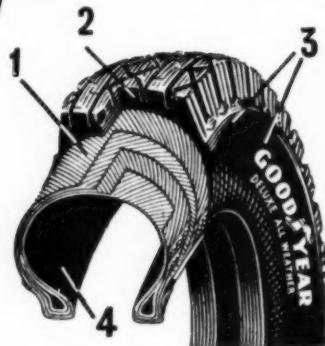
# The NEW-VALUE tyre THAT GIVES YOU MORE FOR YOUR MONEY

The *de Luxe* ALL-WEATHER TYRE BY  
**GOODF<sup>Y</sup>EAR**

**B**IG money-saving news for motorists. It's the sensational new-value de Luxe by Goodyear. Tough, reliable, economical. It's quality-designed—quality-built. And it's quality that shows up in reliable performance, in lower running costs and longer tyre life. The reason? More new-value features than you've ever seen in any other tyre, all made possible by the unmatched resources and technical experience of Goodyear—the world's largest tyre manufacturers. Compare the value. All in all, you'll agree the de Luxe is the best-value tyre today—guaranteed dependable throughout its longer life.

## NEW-VALUE BUILT IN ALL THE WAY THROUGH

- 1 Strong, Resilient Cord Carcass
- 2 Thicker, Deeper Tread
- 3 Tougher Shoulders and Sidewalls
- 4 Protective Rubber Liner



The new-value de Luxe,  
the popular price tyre  
built by the makers of the  
famous Eagle tyre.

You can trust

**GOOD<sup>F</sup>YEAR**  
FOR LONG LIFE AND LASTING WEAR